

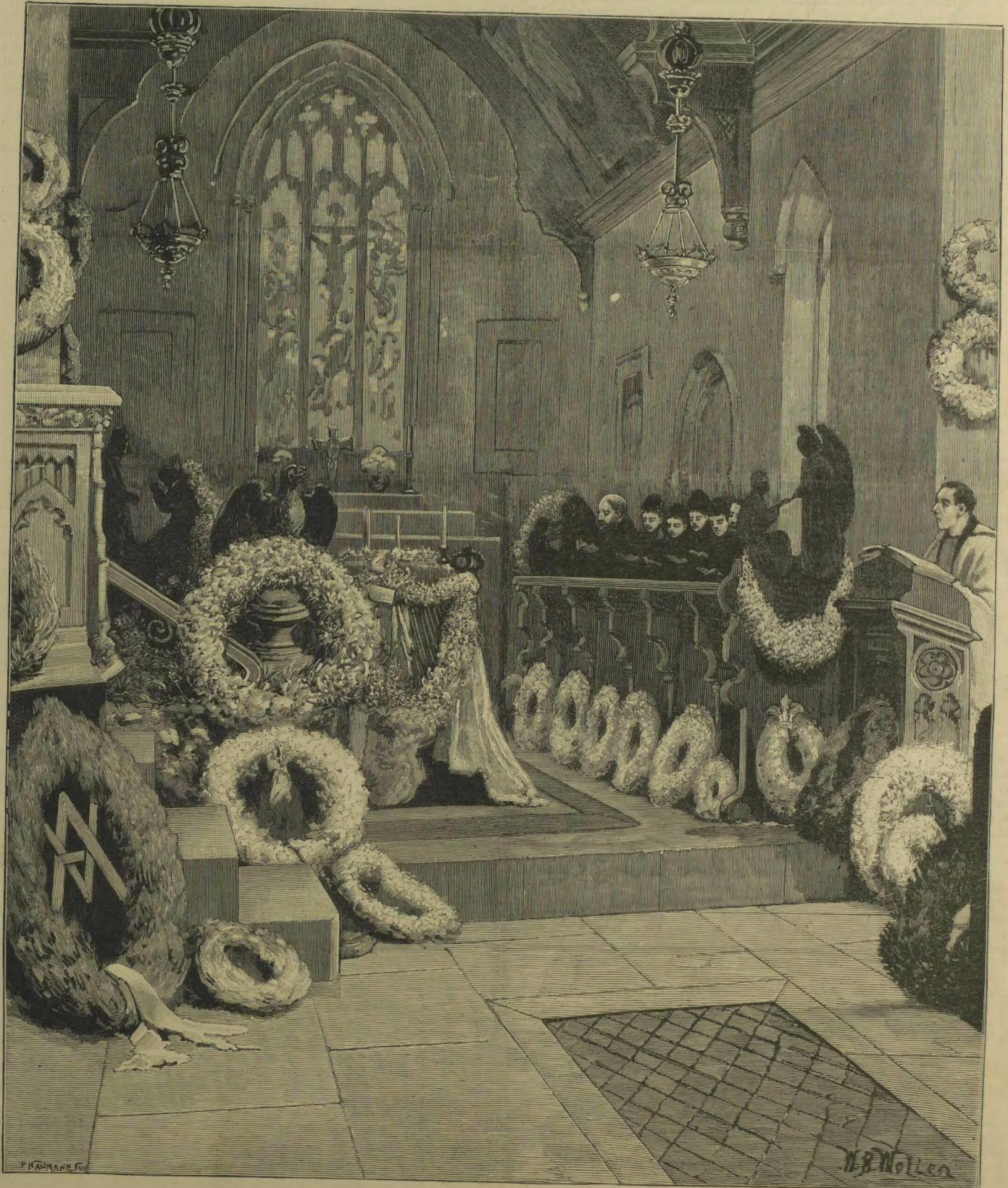
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS ONE SHILLING.



THE PRINCE OF WALES. PRINCESS OF WALES.
PRINCESSES VICTORIA, MAUD, AND MAY. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: SERVICE AT SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, SUNDAY, JAN. 17.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Flats, in even the best neighbourhoods, have their disadvantages. I hear of a dweller in one in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly having the other night a melancholy proof of this. As he let himself in with his latch-key, a gentlemanlike stranger arrived at the same door, and, taking it for granted he was a fellow-lodger, the other admitted him. No sooner was the door closed than the stranger produced a revolver, and in polished but resolute tones demanded his new friend's watch and money. Having obtained these articles, he expressed a curiosity to see his rooms, and, having selected such objects in them as took his fancy, he pocketed them and retired.

A much more ingenious, and not less successful, trick was played at another flat, in broad daylight. A gentleman rang the bell at three o'clock, and inquired whether Mr. Grey was at home. "No, Sir," said the porter: "he rarely, if ever, comes back from the Temple before five o'clock." "That is strange," returned the other, "since I know he has an appointment here with Mr. Johnson at four o'clock," and went his way. At four o'clock to the minute Mr. Johnson called, and, giving his name, was, of course, allowed to wait in Mr. Grey's apartments, which he denuded of everything of "portable value" in ten minutes, and then walked out, observing, as he passed the porter, that he could wait no longer. Except from a moral standpoint, this seems a really admirable stroke of business.

The venerable Dr. Richet, who died the other day of congestion of the lungs, is described as having delivered a lecture upon his malady to those about him, and indicated its end to a few seconds. "You see, my friends, I am dying," were his last words. This course of conduct has been severely commented upon, on the ground that a man at such a moment should have something better to think of than "the scientific diagnosis of death." But this instance of the ruling passion has many parallels in persons of the same profession. Albert de Haller, one of the most eminent physicians of the tenth century, observed to his medical attendant, "My friend, the artery no longer beats," and immediately expired. The great Harvey continued to make observations upon the state of his pulse to the very last, "as though," writes a bystander, "he who had taught us the beginning of life might himself at his departing from it have acquainted us with that of death." Dr. William Hunter assured his physician that he had a paralytic stroke in the night—which indeed he had had, though the other had not discovered it—"but," he added, with a pathetic smile, "if I had strength enough to hold a pen I could write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." Dr. Jordan's last words, though not professional, were noteworthy. In answer to one who offered him something, he said, "No, I have had enough of everything," an observation which has been invested with deeper significance than was perhaps intended, just as Goethe's "more light" has received a spiritual interpretation of which the speaker in all probability never dreamt. Gassendi died with his hand upon his heart, and his last remark was in connection with its fluttering motion. "You see," he said, "what is man's life."

The last words of remarkable persons will be always remarkable, no matter what they say; but some of them have an intrinsic interest of their own. When Boileau was asked, when dying, how he felt, he replied, in the words of Molière, "Je suis vaincu du temps, je cède à ses outrages," which one might well do at seventy-five. One of the strangest of last speeches, considering the character of the man, was that well-known one of Sir Thomas More upon the scaffold, who moved his head aside as he knelt down, with the words, "Pity that should be cut which has never committed treason!" Poor Cowper, hopeless of salvation, declined a cordial that was offered him with a sad "What can it signify?" Crabbe died with the singular words upon his lips, "You must make an entertainment"—referring to the refreshments at his own funeral; Tom Paine, with the stubborn declaration, "I have no wish to believe upon that subject." What is really very curious, men in every way so different as John Knox and Laurence Sterne died with the very same last words, "Now it has come," the latter "putting up his hand as though to ward off an expected blow." The last words of Keats were, "Thank God, it has come!"

The *Hospital* has got into trouble for advising women whose nerves cannot bear the strain of small worries to try smoking, if their doctors recommend it. It seems a very reasonable suggestion from an organ which is naturally subservient to medical opinion, and though, with singular obtuseness, it once cited a humorous tale of mine as a proof that I disliked professional nurses, the very contrary of which is the case, I am sorry that it has got into hot water. One can fancy a member of the Anti-Tobacco League objecting to such a prescription under any circumstances, just as a teetotaler might object to the "exhibition" of brandy by a St. Bernard dog to a snow-

stranded traveller; but why the general public should be more shocked at a lady being recommended to smoke tobacco than stramonium one is at a loss to conjecture. It will not be denied by anyone short of a fanatic that a pipe allays the troubles of a man, and why should not a few whiffs of a cigarette allay the worries of a woman? At present its mitigations among the fair sex are confined chiefly to the fast and the loose, but there is no more reason why it should be so than that the devil, as John Wesley observed, should have all the best tunes.

Whether the story of the Japanese tea-trays, painted black at the time of the rebellion to conceal their value, and recently discovered to be of solid gold, is true or not, it is not the first tale of the kind that comes from the same quarter. At the loot of the Summer Palace, during the Chinese War, an enterprising officer secured a good many little memorials of the "Son of the Moon and First Cousin of the Stars," but what always filled him with regret was the information he afterwards received from a native official: "You barbarians took a good many things away, but you left the lions upon the entrance-gates, which surprised us very much." "We didn't think so much of them as you do, from an artistic point of view," replied the officer, indifferently, "and it was no time to encumber ourselves with brass things." "My good Sir, they were solid gold." The officer took to his bed, and had a serious illness from mere remorse for his want of sagacity. "If I had died," he used to say pathetically, "it would have been of a broken heart."

There is a true tale of a derelict, unpublished, which would put all "shilling shockers" to the blush and make the good people who say "truth is stranger than fiction" more pleased with themselves and their proverb than ever. Once upon a time (for one must tell the story properly), upon the tropic sea, a steamer sighted a strange sail, the movements of which were unintelligible; it was almost a mere hulk, and apparently tenantless. On boarding it a very strange state of affairs presented itself. There was no crew, but in cabins, fitted up like prison cells, were no less than sixty-eight criminals, in garments of an old-world type, armed to the teeth, and with very bad expressions of countenance; they were all speechless, and some of them in rather an advanced stage of decomposition. "Impossible!" exclaims the reader, but not the reader of the *Daily Graphic*, for, according to that generally veracious organ, this little incident may happen any day. The ship Success, it tells us, is about to leave Melbourne for England with this peculiar cargo. It consists of the counterfeit presentments, in wax, of persons who in the old colonial days distinguished themselves in bush-ranging and similar walks (or "runs") of life, and is intended for exhibition in London. Though secure from sea-sickness, it is possible they may suffer from exposure to the sun. If the vessel should be abandoned—which is not improbable, since it was made into a prison hulk, after being (very appropriately) "condemned" forty years ago—this incident might really come to pass, and it would give rather a shock to a benevolent boat's crew who had never visited Madame Tussaud's.

"If gentlemen of the Press had half the employment that falls to me in what they call my life of idleness," writes Robert Louis Stevenson from Samoa, "they would lack the time to invent baseless rumours as to the health, opinions, and movements of a private person." This is "one in the eye" (through the keyhole) for the gentleman from New York who has lately given us an account of the distinguished novelist at home. It is certainly very irritating when one has left the maddening crowd, in order the better to dedicate oneself to the edification and amusement of our fellow-creatures, to have one's retirement attributed to a love of idleness. The writers to whom the world is under the greatest obligations have lived secluded lives, though not at Samoa; and why a gentleman's taking up his residence in that particular spot should be so resented it is difficult to explain. "I have no more intention of leaving it," adds Mr. Stevenson, indignantly, "than of going to the North Pole." And, even if he did go to the North Pole, what right would the interviewers have to complain? He would, no doubt, make acquaintance there with "the giant Frodgedoddulum, with his double great toe and his double great thumb," and have many interesting things to tell us which have escaped the notice of Arctic voyagers. In common with other friends of Mr. Stevenson, I unfeignedly regret his absence from England, but even a man of genius should be allowed to live where he likes.

The plan of the Burgomaster of Brussels for holding a competition for sculptors in the public park, the statues to be made of snow, seems worthy of all praise. At present the snow man has not an artistic reputation; he is also generally doctored with a bad hat and a pipe in his mouth, which would detract from the appearance of the Apollo Belvedere. Yet there is no substance which lends itself to the hands of the moulder better than the pure and innocent snow. Moreover, if there should be a bad statue or two (which is within the range of possibility)

they would melt and be forgotten, instead of remaining failures in perennial marble. If many of those which adorn our own public places had been originally made of this material, the appearance of London in the summer months would be less unattractive. What seems a mistake of the Burgomaster was to allow a gigantic statue of Charity to be erected; he was misled, perhaps, by the assertion that "the greatest of these is Charity," but it strikes one as cynical to represent that Virtue is so transitory a substance. At the same time, its allegorical significance is only too correct, for it often happens that the impulse of benevolence, however pure and stainless, is of very brief duration.

The little book called "Bog-Land Studies" is calculated, although in verse, to give the reader a better insight into Irish life than most of the prose works that have been given us with that design. As a poem with "the distressful country" for its subject, there is nothing to be compared with it since "Laurence Bloomfield" was written; while after the recent years of barrenness under which Ireland has suffered both in literature and the Senate, the real humour and pathos it exhibits seem quite a miraculous harvest. What truth and simplicity lurk in these opening lines!—

It mayn't be so much av a place whin ye reckon by land,
Irish Fay—
Just a thrille o' fields and a bog like; but if ye considher
the say,

Ay, we've plenty enough o' the say, and good luck to 't;
I don't understand
How the folk keep continted at all that be settled far up
on the land,
Out o' reach o' the tides; 'tis like livin' wid niver a chance
to be spied,
And what use is one's life widout chances? Ye've always
a chance wid the tide.

The volume consists of but half-a-dozen short poems; but they are all good, and the one entitled "Walled Out" is of especial strength and originality. The speaker is an Irish peasant of the old school in other respects, but of the new as regards freedom of thought—

Prate, tubbs sure, an' Parson, accordin' to what they say,
The whole matter's plain as a pikestaff an' clare as the day;
An' to hear thim talk av a world beyant ye'd think at the
laste
They'd been dead an' buried half their lives, an' had
thumped it from west to east;
An' who's for above, an' who's for below, they've as put
as if they could tell
The name av every saint in Hiven an' every divil in Hell.
But, throth, it's meself niver set much store be Parson nor
yit be Prate—
Whereby the wife she sez I'm no more nor a laythin baste.

Still, this free thinker is far from possessing the stubbornness of the septic, and acknowledges that—

The blacker this ould world looks, an' the more ye're
bothered an' vexed,
The more ye'll be cravin' an' longin' for somethin' ilse in
the next;
While whinver there's little that ails ye, an' all goes
slither as grass,
Ye don't so much as considher, bedad, if there's e'er such
a place.
The same as a man comin' home from his work av a
winther's night,
Whin the wind's like ice, an' the snow and the rain have
him perished outright,
His heart'll be set on a good turf blaze up the chimney,
roarin' an' red,
That'll put the life in him agin afore he goes to his bed;
Tho' on summer evenin's, whin soft as silk was ivery brat's
that wint,
He'd niver have axed for a fire, but turred to his sleep
contint.

The most pathetic of all the poems is, perhaps, "The Souper's Widow," the Souper being one of those few Irish Catholic peasants who during the famine professed Protestantism under the idea (one is glad to know a false one) that their starving wives and children would on that account be better provided for. The poor widow is making excuse for her husband's backsliding—

But, indade, for that matter, the Lord, who'd enough to
contind wid those times,
Might ha' some sort o' notion Himself how the poor people's
tempted to crimes,
Whin they're watchin' their own folk a-starvin', an' no help
for it, strive as they may;
For Himself set a dale by His mother, accordin' as I've
heard say,
An' remimbered her last thing av all in the thick of His
thrubble, an' thought
To make sure she'd ha' some wan to care her an' heed
that she wanted for nought,
An' be keepin' the roof o'er her head while she lived, all
the same as her son—
But, ye see, He'd a frial he could trust to, an' Micky, the
crathur, had none.

The success or failure of this admirable little book will, one cannot help thinking, be some sort of a test as to how far the clamorous interest in Irish affairs expressed in so many quarters is genuine or the reverse.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

SANDRINGHAM ON SUNDAY.

IT was on Friday, Jan. 15, that the remains of the late Duke were removed from Sandringham House to the neighbouring church. At the service on Sunday, the 17th, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George and his sisters, and Princess May were present. The coffin, covered with a silken Union Jack, lay in the middle of the chancel in full view. At the foot stood a wreath in the form of a harp with broken string, a token to Princess May from some young Irish ladies. Other floral emblems were there innumerable. The simple service was conducted by the Rector of Sandringham. The hymns "Thy will be done" and "Now the labourer's task is o'er" were sung. When the service was over the mass of the congregation filed out, leaving the royal family alone to receive the sacrament. On Monday the people of the neighbourhood, tenants and others, were allowed free entrance to the church. The coffin lay in the same position as on the previous day, but with one corner of the silken flag raised, so that the plain unpolished oak of the coffin, with

dying winter, and of the soldiers already grumped about the porch; but its effect was heightened when the passing-bell began to toll at ten o'clock, and the Artillerymen mounted their horses, awaiting only the royal mourners, who drove up very shortly afterwards. The funeral procession to Woolferton Station was at once simple and impressive. The Prince, whose terrible, overwhelming grief was marked so unmistakably in his pale face and halting step, walked immediately behind the coffin, the Duke of Fife upon his right hand, Sir Dighton Probyn on his left. Eight of the tenants from the Sandringham estate and eight gentlemen of the household served as pall-bearers in this melancholy journey from the church to the station, but the Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria, Princess Maud, the Duchess of Teck, and Princess May, followed in carriages, the blinds of whose windows were closely drawn.

A very noticeable element in this, the first of the several processions, was a bevy of labourers, all in marked mourning, and all betraying signs of a deep and earnest sympathy. It was noticed that the officers and brethren of the Philanthropic Lodge of Freemasons stood with the Mayor and

then lined the hill-sides, from the station to the castle. By the approach to the palace were detachments of the 2nd Life Guards, the gold of the officers' shoulder-belts and tassels darkened by the semi-transparent crêpe, and the arms of the men bearing the common military emblem of mourning, which was also worn in the form of a bow by the blue-jackets of the Osborne. As the hour advanced the number of those on horseback in the High Street was doubled, trebled. General Wolsley, with General Smith and the aides-de-camp rode from the castle to the station, and again from the station to the castle, inspecting and criticising everywhere. Already a huddled, compact, black-garbed mass of humanity struggled silently upon the pavements for a sight of the procession which was to come; and though the air was dark and raw, and the gloom of the sky akin to the gloom of every heart, there were neither murmurs nor complaints—nothing but an ever-present, earnest, meaning sympathy, as the sympathy of man for brother, or wife for husband. So stood the crowd, thickening every moment as the clatter of horses' hoofs on the stones announced

fresh official personages, as the minute-guns boomed from the Long Walk, and the bell of St. George's began to toll. But of a sudden even the hum of conversation was quite hushed. The notes of Chopin's plaintive, moving, most beautiful march came softly from the distant station. Not a man or woman in that great crowd spoke a word as the most solemn of all the moments came.

THE PROCESSION.

But in that minute the gloom of the street was lit by the sudden advent of the great procession, and many a woman wept and man was moved as the 2nd Life Guards slowly came into view, and the thrilling yet pathetic strains deepened in intensity. The first escort had soon passed, however, and then, as the "bearer" squadron of the 10th Hussars appeared, and the gun-carriage, upon which could be seen only the spreading silken Union Jack, with wreath upon wreath of the purest lilies, slowly drove by, every hat was lifted and every voice was still. And, of course, every eye turned upon the Prince, as, with Prince George of Wales upon his right and the Duke of Fife upon his left, he walked immediately after the body of his beloved son, and all could see what the struggle cost him. The rest of the processionists brought most of the colour with which this sad spectacle was painted. Following the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Christian, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, came in most

IN THE CHAPEL.

In the chapel a scene of unusual solemnity at once impressed the visitor. Candles on the altar and in the choir shed a soft light which yet did not make day night, nor altogether dispel the prevailing gloom. Those waiting, and there were some hundreds in the nave—the Lord Chancellor, Earl Spencer, Mr. Henry Matthews, Mr. Chaplin, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Stanhope, and Sir F. Leighton being among others in the choir—heard the sounds of the massed bands growing more intense in the court without, and rose at 3.30 as the procession entered. The Bishop of Rochester, the Canons of Windsor, and the Rev. F. Hervey took their places, and "I am the Resurrection and the Life" began a service at once solemn and touching, and worthy of a grief such as this, and of a sorrow like to which the nation has not known since thirty years have passed.



VISITORS TO SANDRINGHAM WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE CHURCH PORCH, JAN. 18. 1892.

some of its brass fittings, was visible. Within the oaken coffin is one of lead and a shell, and the coffin itself bears a brass plate surmounted with the Duke's coronet and coat-of-arms. The inscription on the plate reads—

His Royal Highness Albert Victor Christian Edward,
Duke of Clarence and Avondale, K.G., K.P.,
Major 10th Royal Hussars.

Born 8th January, 1864, at Frogmore, Windsor,
Died 14th January, 1892, at Sandringham, Norfolk.

The chancel of the church was protected by a cord, at which each visitor halted reverently for a few moments.

LAST HOURS AT SANDRINGHAM.

A dull, gloomy, typical winter's morning broke on Jan. 20 at Sandringham, but the villagers were awake early, and by nine o'clock the Artillerymen had left their quarters, and were prepared for their melancholy work. Already the gun-carriage was ready at the church, and before the clock had chimed the half-hour the scarlet-hooded children, who are the especial charge of the Princess of Wales, had lined the road from the lych-gate to the park gate, and the Norfolk Police, to whom was entrusted the nominal duty of keeping order, had taken up their position about the entrance.

It was a dull, pitiful, moving picture, that of the few grief-stricken mourners, whose sombre garb stood out against the red of the children's hoods and the softened brown of the

Corporation of King's Lynn upon the slope leading to the station, and that a guard of honour from the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment was stationed just at the entrance to the platform, remaining there, leaning upon reversed arms, until the train left the station. This did not occur until a quarter of an hour after the expected time, for it proved by no means easy to transfer the magnificently bedecked coffin to the handsome funeral car—itself not a little remarkable for its heavy draping of purple velvet and the elegant device, "C. and A.," worked upon its panels. But this was accomplished at a quarter to twelve, and amidst a scene deeply touching in its simplicity, in the significance of its surroundings, the special left the station, and the first act in the solemn programme was completed.

THE ARRIVAL AT WINDSOR.

The body having been taken via Stratford on to the North London Railway, and thence having reached the system of the South-Western, the greater part of the journey had been accomplished by a quarter to two o'clock. There was little save the universal tokens of a universal grief, visible since Saturday last, to mark, in town, the impressive ceremony, but minute-guns were fired in St. James's Park at twelve, and many interested loiterers gathered about the L Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. In Windsor itself a picture of unusual and gloomy brilliancy had been formed by one o'clock. The 2nd Grenadier Guards



TOMB OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

TOMB OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR, IN WHICH THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE ARE REPOSING.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.

PERSONAL.

Both the Duke of Clarence and Prince George were nursed in their illness by Sister Victoria, of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, otherwise Miss Hallam, who took turns at Prince George's bedside with Sister Edith (Miss Ward). Sister Victoria is described as one of the best nurses the hospital ever had, and she has been at work in the Victoria Ward since 1879. She is a native of South Wales, her father being a tin-plate manufacturer, and she became a probationer in St. Mary's fifteen years ago. During Prince George's sickness she nursed at night, and made, according to all accounts, an ideal attendant—quiet, efficient, gentle, and watchful, the same record attaching to her attendance on the Duke of Clarence.

The story of Cardinal Manning's life, eventful as it is, is perhaps less interesting than the study of his fascinating personality. The life which ended peacefully on Jan. 14 began on July 15, 1808, a year before that of Mr. Gladstone, his life-long friend and associate. He was the son of Mr. William Manning, a London merchant of repute and a governor of the Bank of England. His school was Harrow, and his college Balliol, his University career ending in a Double First and a Fellowship of Merton. His tutor was Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, and Mr. Gladstone was one of his fellow-pupils. From Oxford he passed to the rectory of Lavington in 1834, and he enjoyed a brief married life with a lady who died a year or so after the wedding. He was made Archdeacon of Chichester at the age of thirty-two, and, according to all accounts, made a very able, active clergyman—a trifle autocratic in his methods.

Manning's secession to the Roman Church was largely influenced by the interference of the Privy Council in the famous Gorham judgment, an act which Manning denounced with all the controversial vigour for which in after years he became famous. The actual change of faith was completed in 1851, at the time when the controversy as to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was at its fiercest; and one of his first acts was to deliver four lectures brilliantly and unsparingly controverting the doctrines of the Anglican Communion. The Pope, who had a very high opinion of him, and a great affection for his character, early showed his sense of the value of the new convert by raising him to the Catholic See of Westminster, in succession to Cardinal Wiseman. The Pope's choice was bitterly resented by the Old English Catholics, with whom, even in the height of his influence and in his later, almost sainted, days, the Cardinal was never on terms of complete confidence or liking.

The last twenty years of the Cardinal's life were those with which his countrymen are most familiar. He found no difficulty in accepting the dogma of infallibility, and when Mr. Gladstone attacked it in "The Vatican Decrees" (1874), the Cardinal replied with unsparing partisanship, and with his usual controversial skill and subtlety. His services earned him his Cardinal's hat, and since that period he undoubtedly won his way very far into the hearts of

Arts, Comte Nieuwerkerke had given up most of his youth to the earnest study of sculpture. He was especially fortunate in the basis he executed as a matter of the leading feminine personalities of the Third Empire; and Princess Murat, Princess Mathilde, the Marquise de Cadore, and Madame Fould have all had reason to be grateful to the artist who showed the world such charming counterfeit presentments of themselves. His popularity in Court circles led to his being caricatured and lampooned

Corporation, to whose welfare he was deeply attached, and a variety of social, religious, and philanthropic objects.

The death of Mr. John Noble has to be added to the long list of victims of the influenza and the inclement season. Mr. Noble died of pneumonia complicated with paralysis. He had led a singularly active public life for the past fifty years, his work beginning in old Free Trade days, when he lectured in nearly every town in England on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League. Later on he took up the question of financial reform, and was an expert in fiscal matters, his ideas being those of a rather rigid apostle of the old Radical school in its economic side.

To many the memories of thirty-one years ago must have been recalled by the events of the last week. It was a Sunday morning—Dec. 14, 1861—when it became known in London that the Queen's husband was dead. Before noon the newsboys were hawking the Sunday papers about the streets announcing the death. It was frosty weather—not, perhaps, quite so cold as Jan. 14, 1892—and there was a thin coating of snow on the grass in Hyde Park, where little knots of people had collected here and there to talk about the great sorrow that had overtaken the Queen. As the congregations poured out of the churches it was plain that something unusual had occurred, for the people looked grave and sad, and talked earnestly together as they walked homeward. The ominous omission of Prince Albert's name from the service was the first intimation that many worshippers received of the sad event, while in other places it was publicly announced from the pulpit. It was a day of dismal sorrow, but it lacked some of the pathetic surroundings of the death of the Duke of Clarence.

It is not perhaps generally remembered that the Prince and Princess of Wales have been once before bereaved of a son, whose remains are interred in Sandringham churchyard. The child was born on April 6, 1871, hardly baptised that evening, receiving the names of Alexander John; Charles Albert, and died the next day. The funeral was attended by all the village children.

It is interesting by the light of the sad events which we commemorate to-day to look upon the first portrait ever taken of the late Prince with his father and mother. The twenty-eight years that have since passed have brought many changes to all of us, and to the Prince and Princess of Wales their share of joys and sorrows. The nation's sympathy with their present grief will be heightened by this glimpse into their early married life.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: BULLETIN ON THE NORFOLK GATE, SANDRINGHAM, JAN. 14, 1892.

under every form. At one time all Paris was humming a song of which one verse indicated sufficiently the feeling of the composition—

Au club il trône, au Louvre il plat,
Citez les princes il va sans cesse,
Et l'on assure qu'il connaît
Les princesses.

Immediately after the Franco-German War his official post was taken away from him by the Provisional Republican Government, and although he always kept his pretty bachelor apartments on the Quai Voltaire, the ex-Superintendent of Fine Arts retired to his villa of Gattajoli, near Lucca. There he spent the last twenty years of his life, receiving any marked European personality who happened to be passing near his home, and keeping up a vivid interest in all that concerned art matters and artists.

Mr. Benjamin Scott, the City Chamberlain, one of the ablest servants, as well as, perhaps, the very oldest, attached to the London Corporation, has died of influenza; his wife, with whom he was soon to celebrate the fiftieth year of his marriage, dying within a few hours of him, of the same fell plague. He has for sixty years been in the service of the Corporation, and the vast sum of two-and-a-half millions a year, excluding large trust funds, passed through his hands. He was an able and enlightened man, and his addresses, delivered on occasions when the Freedom of the City was presented to distinguished guests, will long be remembered for their grace and felicity. He was a strong advocate of social purity, and divided his interests and attention between the

will be heightened by this glimpse into their early married life.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street, for photographs of the Prince at different ages; to Messrs. Walerly, of Regent Street, for portrait of the late Cardinal Manning; to Mr. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, for portrait of Dr. Broadbent; to Mr. Goodfellow, Regent Street, for portrait of Dr. Laking; and to Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent Street, for portrait of Dr. Manby.

EHEU!

Lo, he is dead who should have been our King!
He at whose birth all happy portents met,
On whose high fate a nation's hopes were set:
Death hath passed by and chilled with icy wing
The bridal blossoms pale and withering:
Dead! with such wealth of life to live—and yet
His calm brows wear a lordlier coronet
Than royal crown or garland woven of Spring.
All Life could give with lavish hands she gave,
A sunlit morn, a heaven without a cloud,
All Earth could promise, all the heart might crave,
Power, Glory, Love, the beckoning Future vowed:
Alas! within the shadow of the shroud
Our silent tears fall fast beside his grave.
GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

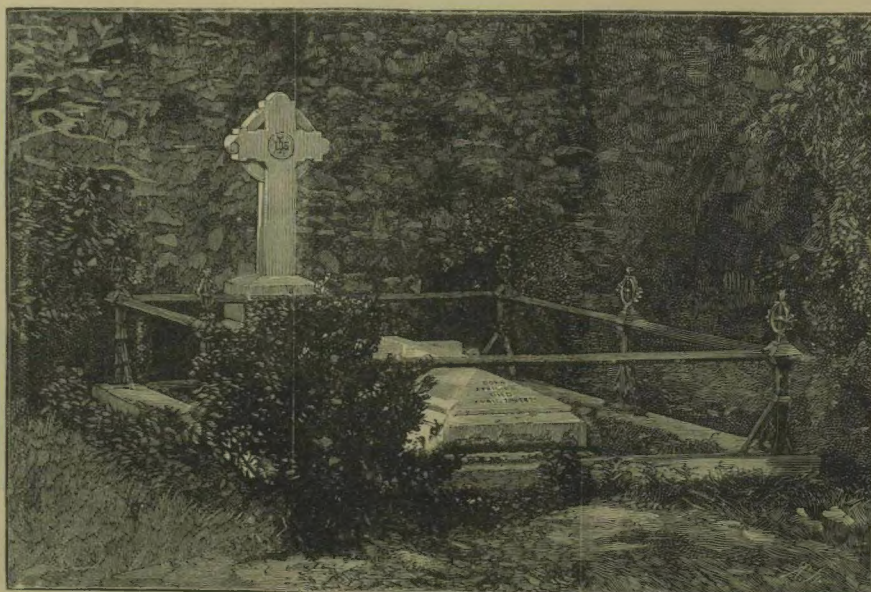


THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, IN 1864.

a large portion of his countrymen on other than ecclesiastical grounds. He was a prominent member of the Royal Commissions on Education and the Housing of the Poor, founded the Catholic League of the Cross, in promotion of total abstinence, and practically "stamped" the country in the total cause. He was the principal agent in the settlement of the dock strike in 1889, but he was less successful in his attempts to obtain a compromise of the dispute between the directors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company and their workmen. His house at Westminster was a constant place of pilgrimage for men and women of all ranks and conditions—princes, ecclesiastics, nobles, social reformers, even Dissenting ministers and leaders of working-class movements.

Old Pembroke men will learn with pleasure that Lord Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has nominated the Rev. Professor Bartholomew Price to the Mastership of the College, vacant by the death of Dr. Evans. It was a pity that the Fellows could not agree upon a successor; but the Chancellor, to whom the appointment lapsed, has made an excellent choice. The new Master is Senior Fellow of the College, and he has been Siedlein Professor of Natural Philosophy since 1853. Other University appointments of distinction have been conferred upon him during his long and honoured career, and his pen has been fruitful in works of great usefulness. His treatises on the Differential Calculus and the Infinitesimal Calculus, although not much loved by the average undergraduate, have proved invaluable to those bent on obtaining a good mathematical degree. Professor Price will not find his new duties irksome, and he will have a very comfortable house, almost under the shadow of St. Aldate's Church; but the emolument is not high. There is a Canonry at Gloucester annexed to the Mastership, but the Cathedral revenues have much declined in recent years.

Comte Nieuwerkerke, one of the leading collectors of art treasures in Europe, and to whom much of the present admirable arrangement and cataloguing of the contents of the Louvre are due, died on Jan. 17, at the age of eighty-two. Although he is remembered on the Continent principally as having been Napoleon the Third's Superintendent of Fine



THE LAST RESTING PLACE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S INFANT BROTHER, IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCHYARD.

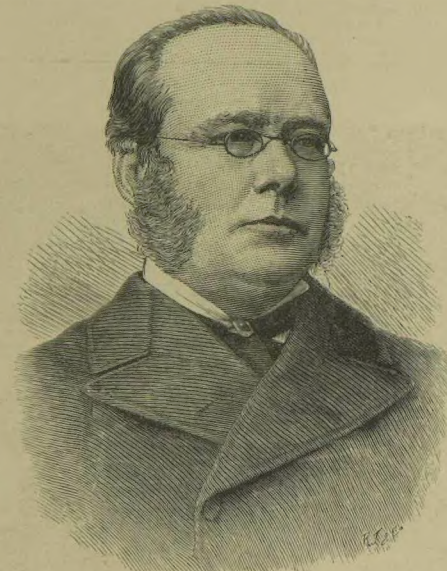
HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The death of the Duke of Clarence has thrown a shadow over the whole country. Never, perhaps, has the decease of a Prince excited more profound sympathy. The grimmest fantasy could not have invented circumstances more tragic than those in which the heir to the throne, in the midst of the preparations for his wedding, was snatched away almost before the nation was fully aware that his life was in danger. This lamentable event has touched all hearts, not in these islands only, nor even among English-speaking peoples alone, for every country in the civilised world has sent its tribute of sorrow and esteem to the royal house which is so terribly bereaved. The youth of the Prince, the grief of the Princess who was to have been his bride, the heart-breaking trial to his father and mother, who had built such high hopes on his future, have elevated domestic trouble to the dignity of a national tragedy.

A delicate question has arisen as to the disposal of the large sums which were collected with the object of making wedding presents to the Duke of Clarence and Princess May. The Lord Mayor of London has intimated that he will call a meeting of subscribers to consider the various suggestions, one of which is that the money shall be bestowed on the Princess as a dowry. The feeling which prompts this proposal is most praiseworthy, though it may be objected that an endowment of this kind is scarcely the most fitting gift to a lady who has just lost her affianced husband. To accept a national token of sympathy in such a form would be a severe ordeal for the Princess, who would thereby be supposed to signify her willingness to receive another offer of marriage. This, indeed, is scarcely the season to talk of dowries. On the other hand, Mr. Alfred Austin has declared in some charming verses in the *Times* that Princess May is "for ever doomed to wear the mockery of widowhood," an assumption which is, to say the least, extravagant.

An hour before the death of Prince Albert Victor, Cardinal Manning passed away, after a brief illness, at the great age of eighty-four. His body lay in state for four days at the Archbishop's House in Westminster, and an enormous number of people, representative of all denominations and all parties, took this opportunity of showing their respect for one of the most notable figures of his time. It is expected that the

The family physicians of the Prince of Wales have, during the past two months, had most arduous and responsible services to perform. I believe that public opinion in general, besides



DR. W. H. BROADBENT,
PHYSICIAN TO THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

the numerous private families who have, at one time or another, owed the saving of precious lives either to Dr. Broadbent, of Seymour Street, or to Dr. Laking, of Pall Mall, will be entirely assured that these eminent London practitioners, who successfully attended Prince George at Marlborough House, have likewise done all that medical science, skill, and care, in the fatal case of the Duke of Clarence, would in any hands have been able to perform.

Dr. William Henry Broadbent took his degrees at the London University over thirty years ago, and has been twenty years a member of the Royal College of Physicians, of which he became a Fellow in 1863. His colleague, Dr. Francis Henry Laking, has been one of that body since 1872, and both have won a high professional repute as well as the esteem and gratitude of many patients, or of their kindred and friends. They were assisted at Sandringham by the local medical attendant of his Royal Highness's household, Dr. A. R. Manby, M.D., whose signature was appended to the evening bulletin issued on Tuesday, Jan. 12, and who had had charge of the case for a day or two before the London physicians were summoned.

The Prince began to feel really ill on Friday, the 8th; on the Saturday evening a patch of "pneumonic consolidation" was found at the base of the left lung; the mischief rose higher, at the back up to the shoulder-bones, on Sunday, but seemed to diminish in the part originally affected. The symptoms on Tuesday were somewhat more favourable; nourishment was taken well, and the pulse was good. Unhappily, the evil effects of the malady on the lungs had already progressed beyond remedy, as was proved next day by increasing crepitation. The patient had become delirious, and this occurred repeatedly before his death on Thursday morning. Pneumonia, or inflammation of the lungs, was the actual cause of death.

Apart from medical treatment, the Prince's last days and hours were soothed by the personal attention of his parents, aided by the nursing sister; and his faithful valet, Mr. Fuller, summoned from town at the Prince's own request, arrived in time for the sad closing scene.

The Irish parties are comparatively quiet for the moment, but a flash from imprisoned fires may be noticed in the challenge of Mr. William O'Brien to Mr. Redmond. How many challenges have been issued in this struggle, it is impossible for even the most conscientious chronicler to say. As a rule, the challenge is supposed to involve the retirement of everybody from public life—a form of sacrifice which is

much talked about in Ireland, and never practised. Mr. O'Brien proposes to submit to arbitration the conflicting views which he and Mr. Redmond entertain respecting the Boulogne negotiations. The matter will not strike everybody as of vital moment, but Mr. O'Brien, who is nothing if not intense, suggests that the losing party to the arbitration shall withdraw from the fierce glow of Irish politics. It is needless to add that nobody expects any such event.

The Duke of Argyll has discovered the precise degree of Calvinistic Presbyterianism which distinguishes the doctrines of the Scotch Church. More than that, he thinks the other religious bodies in Scotland ought to unite on this substantial basis. This opinion has been expounded by the Duke in one of those speeches which he is fond of making in his character of a practical politician.

There is a melancholy satisfaction in recording the widespread and sincere feeling of regret manifested in all parts of the world at the inexpressibly sad and untimely death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. From all countries have come messages of condolence to the Queen and to the bereaved parents of the young Prince, and all the Courts of Europe have gone into mourning for periods varying from ten days to three weeks, the difference in the time being accounted for simply by the rigid rules of etiquette of the various Courts.

In every Continental country the Press has commented upon the sad event in respectful, feeling, and friendly language. In France, in particular, the newspapers, without exception, have made touching allusion to the heavy loss sustained by the royal family of England and the British people. There was in their articles something which was more than respect, and almost akin to loyalty. The fact is that the yearly visits of the Queen to the South of France and the frequent journeys of the Prince of Wales to Paris have caused the French to entertain for her Majesty and for the royal family feelings of deep and respectful sympathy, which have on this sorrowful occasion found universal and graceful expression in their public organs.

The German Emperor never loses an opportunity of impressing upon his people his own belief in the divine right in virtue of which he reigns over them. The other day, on receiving the oath of allegiance of Monsignor von Stablewski, the new Polish Bishop of Posen, who expressed the conviction that the Catholics of Posen would feel that their interests were



DR. F. H. LAKING,
PHYSICIAN TO THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

safe in his keeping, the Emperor said in reply that he hoped that the Bishop would create and encourage in his diocese "the spirit of reverence and fidelity to me and my house, the spirit of obedience to the authority ordained by Heaven, and respect for the law." This, it seems to me, is very much in the same strain as his speech to the recruits a short time ago, in which he reminded them that if he were to order them to shoot down their own brothers they would be bound to obey.

The Reichstag met on Jan. 12, but no very interesting discussion took place. As a matter of course, the Radical proposal touching the principle of the payment of members met with no support. The Government is opposed to it, and no measure of that kind is likely to pass unless the Government is in favour of it, and of that there is no chance whatever.

The Prussian Diet was opened on Jan. 14, when General von Caprivi read the King's Speech, in which it was admitted that the finances of the kingdom of Prussia were not so flourishing as might be wished. The result is that Prussia will have to practise economy in all State departments. The Prussian Ministerial programme comprises a bill for amending the assessment of the income tax, and one for dealing with the Guelph fund, which funds the sequestered fortune of the late King of Hanover. Curiously enough, when the cry for undominational education is the order of the day in almost every European country, the Prussian Government is preparing a new scheme of public education, according to which religious instruction is to be made compulsory.

At daybreak on Jan. 16, Abbas Pasha, the new Khedive, landed at Alexandria and subsequently left for Cairo by special train. There was a great display of Oriental pomp and splendour, and the population was most enthusiastic. Abbas Pasha made a very good impression on all the officials, and his reign may be said to have begun under the most auspicious circumstances. The formal ceremony of his investiture will take place as soon as the Sultan's firman has arrived from Constantinople.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JANUARY 23, 1892.

Thick Edition	3d.
Thin Edition	1d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mail.



L.R. A. R. MANBY,
PHYSICIAN TO THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Cardinal's successor will be Dr. Vaughan, Catholic Bishop of Salford, whose political views differ widely from those of the late prelate.

Much excitement has been caused at Oxford by the proposal to erect a statue of Cardinal Newman within a stone's-throw of the historic spot where the three Protestant bishops suffered martyrdom in Mary's reign. It is manifest that the choice of such a site is injudicious, but there seems no occasion to rush to the other extreme, and denounce any monument of this eminent Englishman as a public crime. One embittered controversialist suggests that the toleration which permits a statue to Newman is "traitor to truth." This view of toleration is happily of no great account in this country, or we should get perilously near the rekindling of the Smithfield faggots.

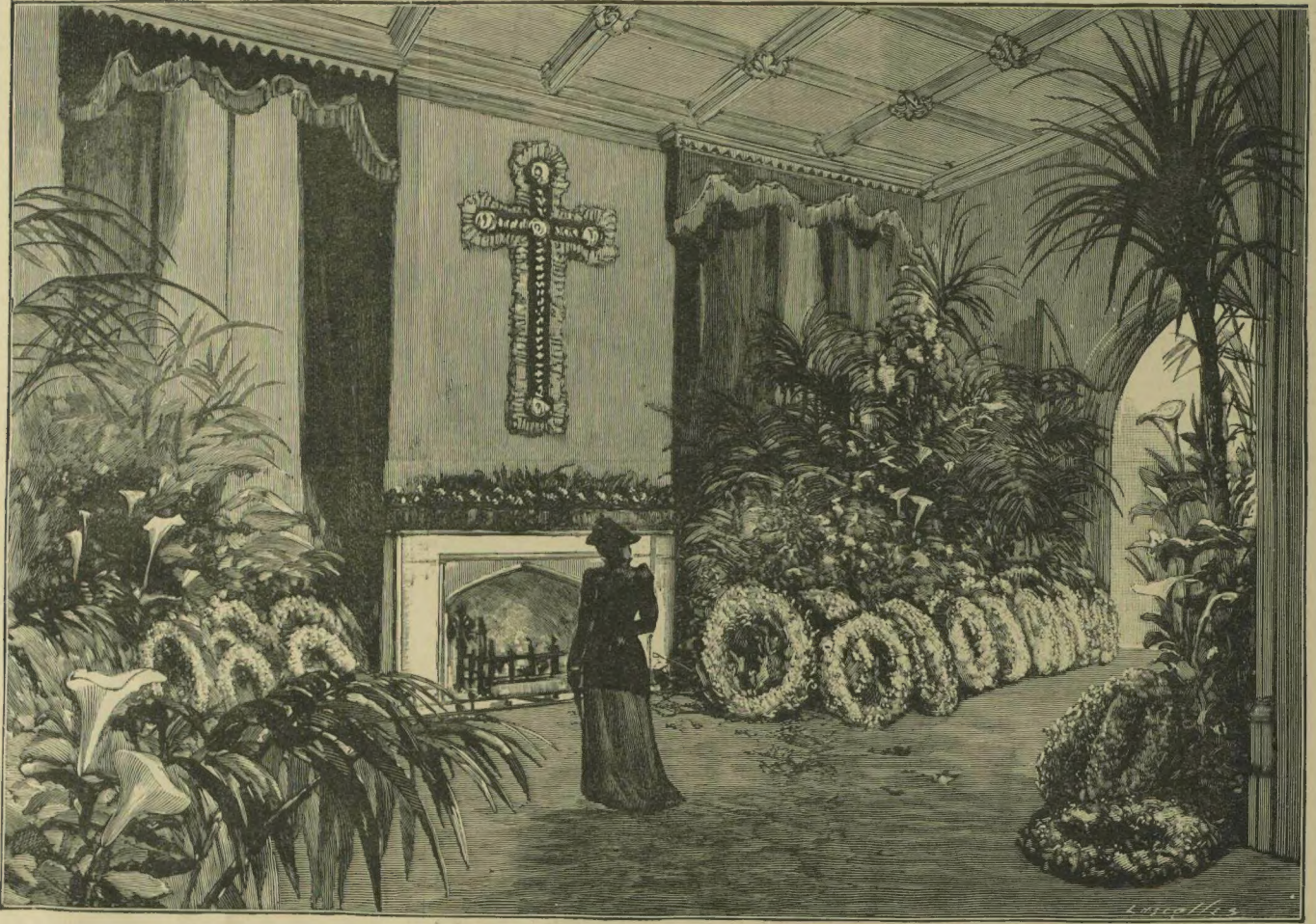
The influenza shows no sign of abatement, and the mortality, especially among the aged, is extraordinary. On Jan. 19 the number of deaths announced in the *Times* reached 159—a total for one day which is without precedent; the obituary advertisements of that journal. The general death-rate is appalling. In every circle there are so many gaps that a man is almost afraid to inquire about a friend who has been missing from his accustomed haunts for several days. The robust are stricken down as well as the weakly, and those who remain are left to go on with their affairs in a condition of mind bordering on fatalism.

Mr. Lowenfeld has the satisfaction of having furnished some harmless amusement to the public. He took a train from Paddington to Teignmouth, stopping at Swindon for the time-honoured ten minutes, which are exacted by the refreshment contractor's lease at that station. The train stayed only seven minutes, and Mr. Lowenfeld was left behind. He proceeded to Bristol, took a special train from there to Teignmouth, and allowed the Great Western Railway to sue him for the cost of this luxury. Judgment was given against him on the ground that a special train merely to take him to the bosom of his family was an unreasonable extravagance. He was ordered to pay some thirty odd pounds and costs, and was allowed consolation to the tune of three. The traveller who wonders why on earth every train should stop at Swindon for ten minutes will be interested to learn that to abolish this custom would cost the railway company £100,000.

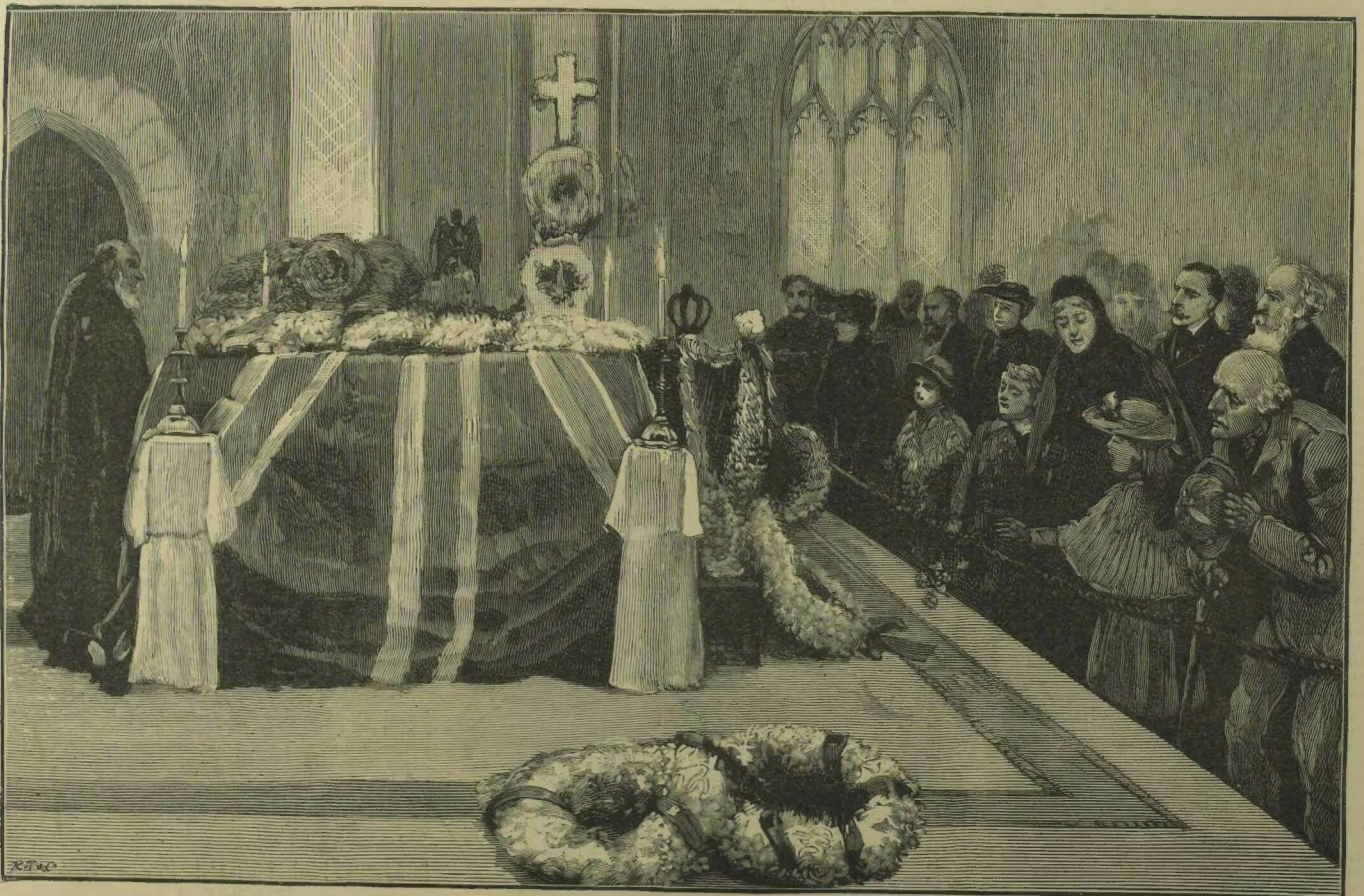


MR. FULLER, THE DUKE OF CLARENCE'S VALET.

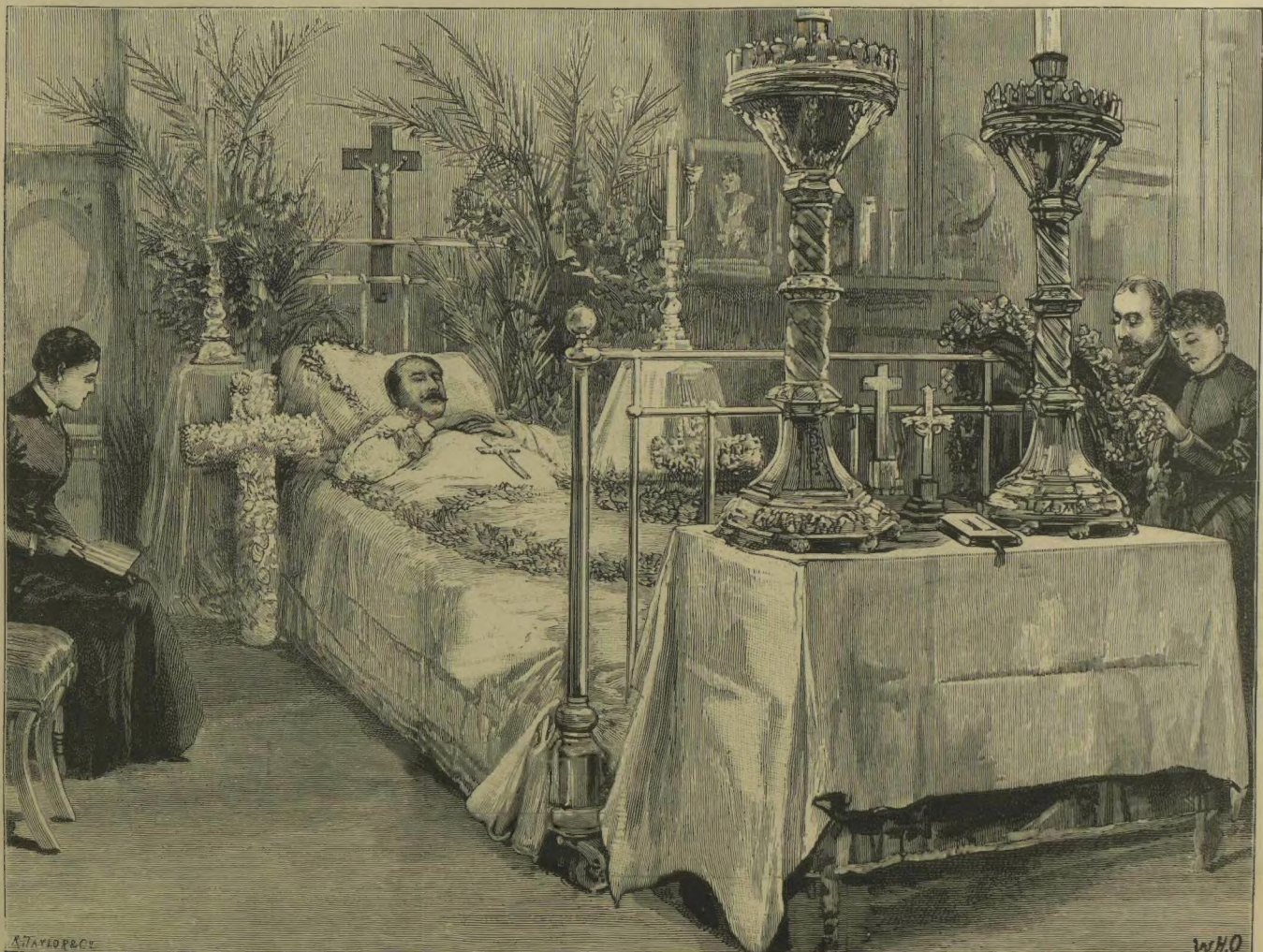
THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: AT THE WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.

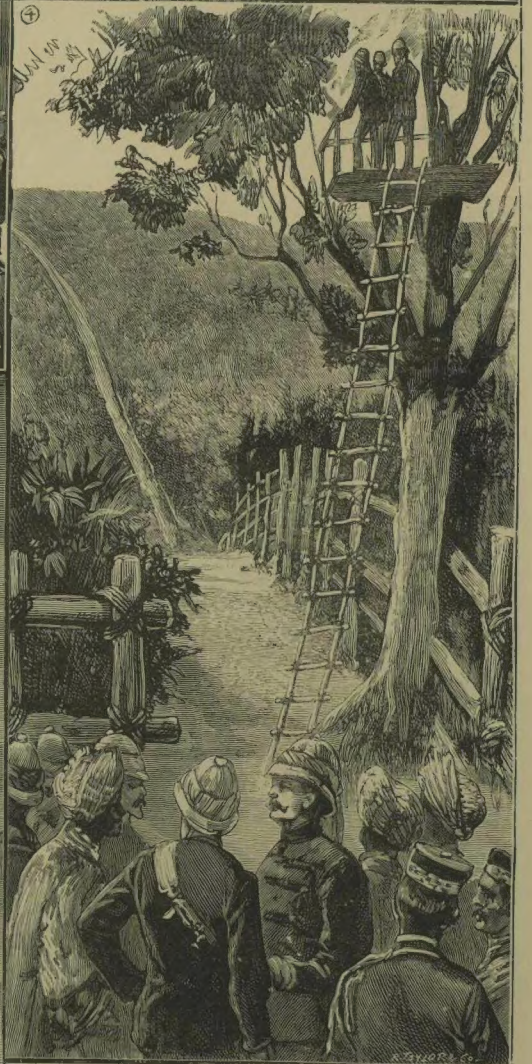
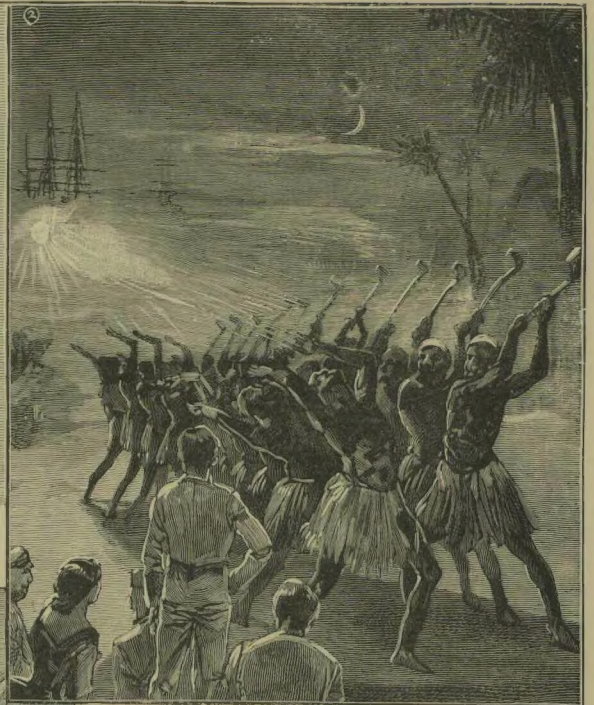
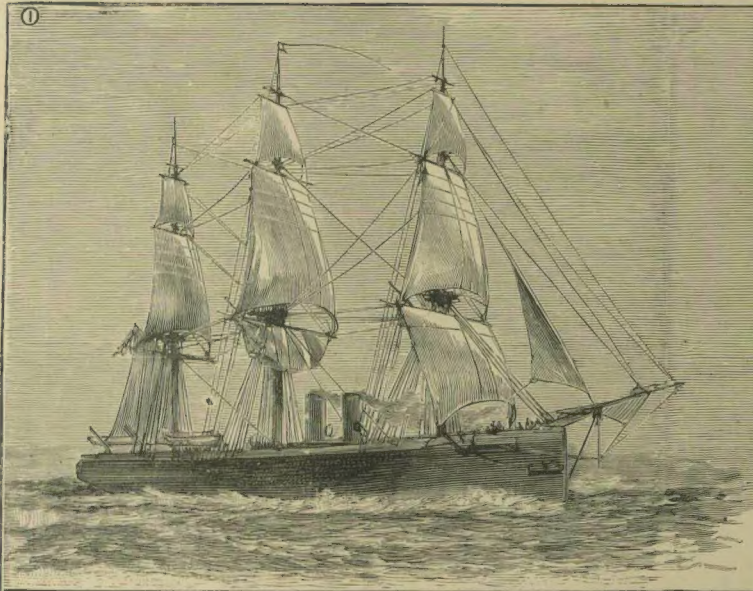


IN SANDRINGHAM CHURCH: VILLAGERS VIEWING THE COFFIN.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE ON THE BED IN WHICH HE DIED AT SANDRINGHAM.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



1. H.M.S. Bacchante.

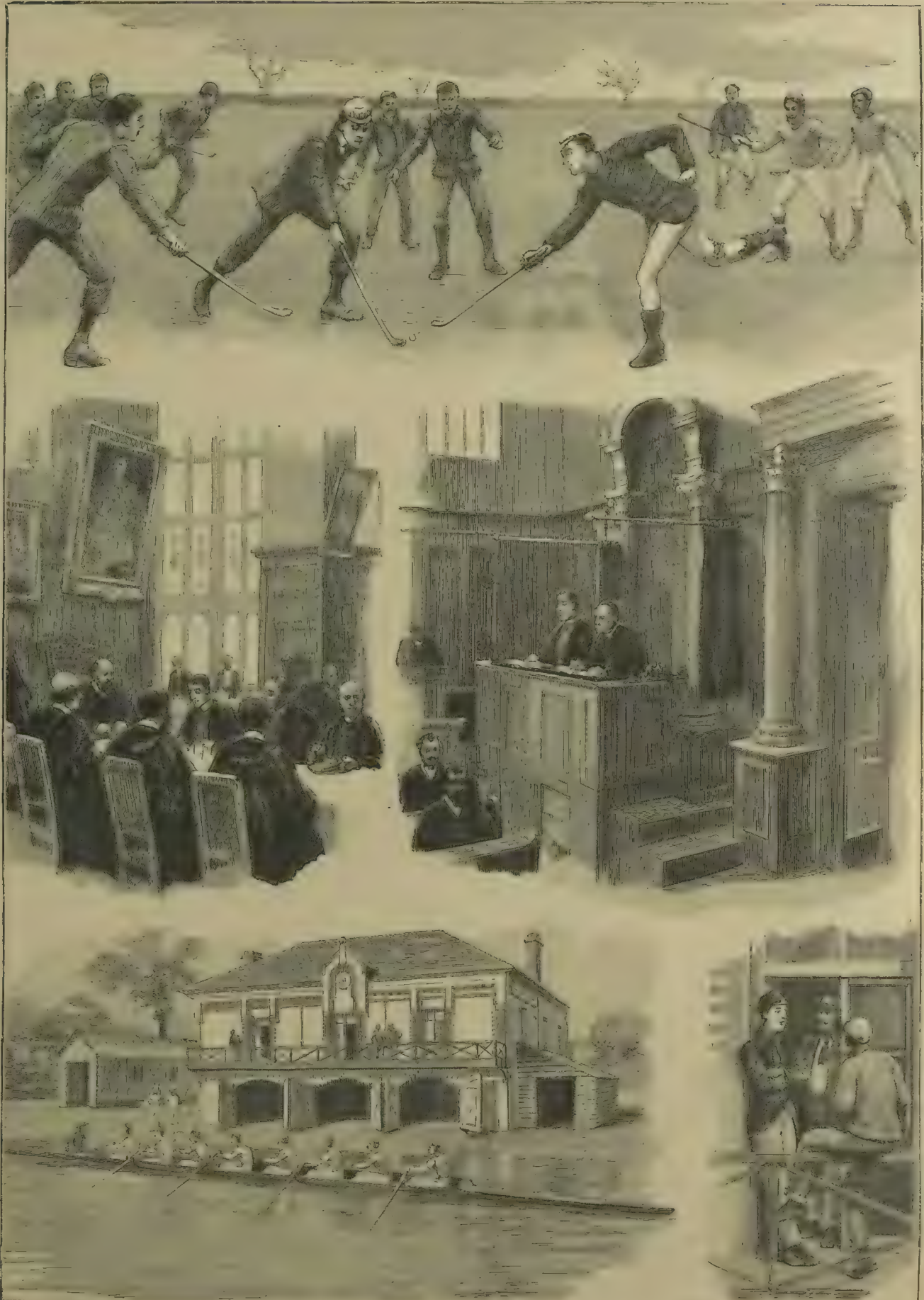
2. Sailor Princes at Fiji—War Dance by Electric Light.

3. Sailor Princes at Fiji—Incantation of the Yagona, or Kava Bowl.

4. In the Elephant Kraal, Kandy.

5. Procession of the Perahera at Kandy.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD THE BACCHANTE.



The Prince playing Hockey. At Hall. In Chapel. Trinity Boat and Boat-house. The Prince after Tubbing.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



THE LATE PRINCE OF WALES, AS AN OFFICER OF THE 10th HUSSARS.

Princess Maud.

Princess of Wales.

Prince of Wales.



Princess Maud.

The late Duke of Clarence.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife).

Prince George.

Princess Victoria.

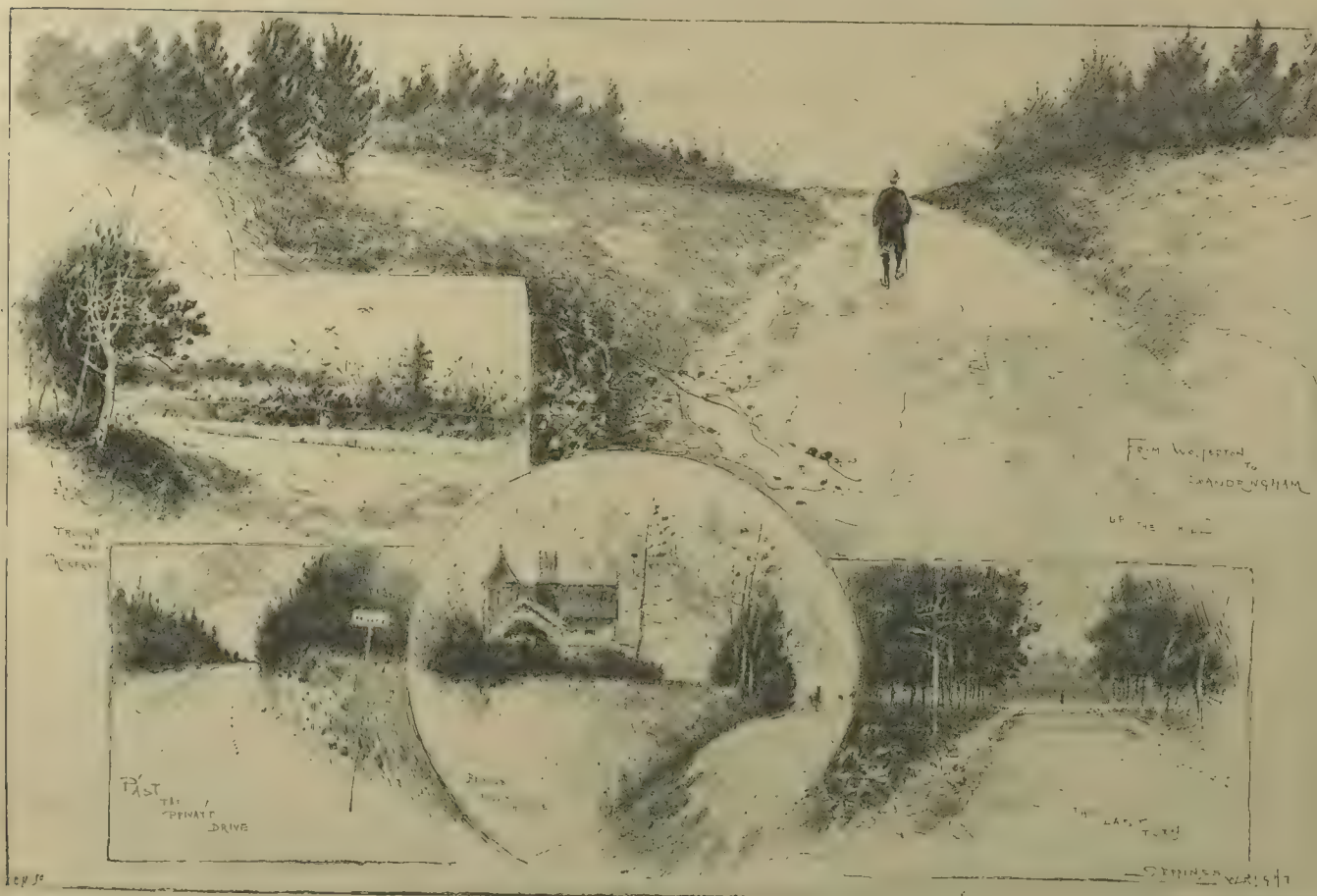
THE PRINCE OF WALES AND FAMILY.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE INSTALLED AT READING AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF BERKSHIRE FREEMASONS.



SANDRINGHAM HALL, NORFOLK.



SKETCHES AT SANDRINGHAM.

SANDRINGHAM: THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

The country house of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales has been described in this Journal on former occasions. It derives additional, but sad and sorrowful, interest from the fatal illness and death of their eldest son. Nearly thirty years ago, through the friendly recommendation of Lord Palmerston, this estate was purchased for the Prince of Wales, in the first instance as a shooting-place, the pheasant preserves and the abundance of partridge, woodcock, snipe, and wild-fowl promising ample enjoyment of sport. It was



WOOLFERTON CHURCH, NEAR SANDRINGHAM.

sold to his Royal Highness, for £220,000, by the Hon. Spencer Cowper, a son of Lady Palmerston; he had lived there since his marriage, in 1852, with his wife, Lady Harriet Cowper, daughter of the Earl of Blesington and widow of Count D'Orsay. Sandringham is situated three or four miles from the seacoast, near Woolferton, which is seven miles north of King's Lynn, on the Norfolk shore of "the Wash." Adjacent to Sandringham are the parishes of West Newton, Appleton, Babingley, and Dersingham, the greater part of which are comprised in the Sandringham estate, amounting to nearly eight thousand acres. This domain presents a fine combination of hill, leath, and woodland; its high grounds command wide views of the level country, the marshes, and the sea.

The old manor-house of Sandringham, however, was not in a condition suitable, by any repairs or alterations, to make it the Prince's residence. His Royal Highness found it necessary to build a new mansion, which was gradually accomplished, in a few years, by the architect, Mr. Humbert, whose designs had been approved. The recent fire, a week or two before last Christmas, has caused little substantial damage, injuring only the upper floors and apartments, which were slightly constructed and would probably have been rebuilt, in any case, at some future time. The house, mainly of red brick relieved with white Ketton stone, has an extensive frontage, with a picturesque irregular outline, rising into turrets and gables of Elizabethan style; the billiard-room, at one end, is of a yellowish brown stone quarried in the neighbourhood.

The west front, overlooking a terrace, is broken into three bays, with large white windows, belonging to the suite of reception-rooms, the drawing-rooms, dining-room, boudoirs, and breakfast-rooms. The main entrance is in the east front, which looks upon a smooth lawn, shrubberies, and avenues of trees, where plantations shield the house from the public road, but the approach carriage-drive is round the north side of the house, where it has another door of entrance. In the interior, a broad corridor traverses the building from north to south, with a central hall, which is commanded by a handsome open gallery; this part of the house, including the main staircase, is adorned with good oak carving. The drawing-room, at the north end, and the boudoirs are bright and cheerful, prettily decorated, and are near the two library rooms, the conservatory, and the billiard-room. The other wing is occupied by spacious and convenient domestic offices, with rooms for the servants. At right angles with the east front of the house is the large ball-room, 66 ft. by 30 ft., with a large bay window, and with a minstrels' gallery for music, in which ball-room the Prince and Princess of Wales have entertained parties of the Norfolk gentry. The American bowling-alley, at the south end, the stables, with boxes or stalls for sixty horses, the fruit-gardens and kitchen-gardens, the Princess's dairy, the pheasantry, and the famous dog-kennels are complete in all points. The park, to the west, is beautiful, with many fine old trees and a pretty lake, its margin adorned by rockwork. Here are the houses of Sir Dighton Probyn and other members of the Prince's suite. There is a model farm of six hundred acres. The establishment has its special gasworks, electric light apparatus and waterworks. In the village of West Newton are model dwellings, called the Alexandra Cottages, for the labourers employed on the estate. Schools, reading-rooms, club-rooms, and other means of recreation are provided by the royal landlord for his humble neighbours.

Sandringham Church, with its parsonage, stands in the park, on rising ground, at the end of an avenue of Scotch firs leading from the garden of the mansion. It is an old edifice of Late Perpendicular Gothic, with battlements around the summit of the tower. The nave windows have been filled with amber and brown Munich glass, and the reredos is adorned with Murano mosaic in gold and colours. Four small memorial windows are placed in the chancel above the carved woodwork seats of the royal family. One of these, with a marble cross in the churchyard outside, commemorates the death of the infant Prince Alexander in April 1871; and there is a brass lectern, given by the Princess of Wales, with an inscription: "To the glory of God, a thank-offering for His mercy, Dec. 11, 1871," referring to her husband's recovery from the terrible illness that endangered his life. The church also contains a marble bas-relief head, in profile, of his sister, the late Princess Alice of Hesse. At West Newton, at Babingley, and at Woolferton there are parish churches of some antiquity. The church at Woolferton, two miles from Sandringham, is a fine old sacred edifice, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with carved screens, a good east window lately restored, and a stone pulpit and an organ; these last being gifts from the Prince of Wales.

Such is the rural abode of his Royal Highness and of the family whose bereavement we all now deplore. They have passed many happy days together at Sandringham; let us still wish and hope that they may often assemble there with no immediate anxiety or fresh cause of grief, and that it will again be a cheerful home. It is well known that the Prince takes an active interest in the useful business of an English country gentleman, in agricultural improvement, the rearing of stock and sheep, and the breeding of horses and dogs; his kennels, indeed, contain some rare specimens, which were lately described. Two black bears were kept here in a pit with a pole to climb. The Princess is fond of her dairy, which includes a pretty sitting-room, decorated with painted tiles and pictures; she also likes driving her chaise with four little Shetland ponies in the park, accompanied by one or two of her daughters. The shooting around Sandringham, in which the late Duke of Clarence showed much skill, is carefully preserved, the coverts being full of game; Woolferton Wood, on a grand day, beaten through by fifty or sixty men in a blue blouse uniform, with the keeper on horseback directing their movements, affords a spectacle that few sportsmen have seen excelled in its way. In this respect, and in every other, the guests of the Prince of Wales are entertained with a generous hospitality that none will forget.

THE INFLUENZA.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"What is influenza?" is a question which, of course, everybody is asking, but to which nobody seems able to give a decided reply. In the old days, "influenza" implied a severe cold, with a personal feeling of *malaise* and a tendency to feverishness. To-day, it implies and means a veritable fever, marked, as such ailments are, by certain fairly specific and constant symptoms. There is the sudden onset, though doubtless the germ has been incubating in our bodies for its own period; there is the use of temperature marking the fever; there is the severe headache, showing a disposition on the part of the ailment to affect the nerve-centres specially; and last, though by no means least, there is the pain in joints and muscles, assimilating influenza to certain affections of malarial type, and specially to the "break-bone" fever of tropical fame. One curious feature about the ailment is its widely different course in different persons. Physicians have remarked to me that the "personal equation" so to speak, of a patient seems to have much to do with the course and order of the symptoms—more so than in most other ailments. In one person the headache is worst, in another the joint-pains; one person has a tedious convalescence, and struggles back to health only after months of general weakness; his neighbour has a short and sharp attack, and gets well quickly.

People have been writing to the newspapers, I observe, advocating a systematic research into the causes of influenza, and insisting upon the necessity for the organised study of the epidemic. These worthy persons are evidently unaware that such a study has been, and is being, pursued. There lies before me a "Report on the Influenza Epidemic of 1889-90, by Dr. Parsons, with an Introduction by the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board"; and as this official report can be bought for 2s. 11d. from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, no one need hunger and thirst in vain for a knowledge of influenza from the scientific standpoint. Only, the whole matter of influenza causation seems to be *sub judice*. The real fact is that we do not know enough about it yet for safe generalisation. We know nothing of its origin. Theory is rampant, of course, but actual details are difficult to obtain. But we can go back (so says Mr. Parsons) to 377 and 1481 for what were "probably epidemics in influenza," and from 1510 to 1837 we find records which point to visitation: clearly of the nature of influenza attack. The 1889-90 epidemic came upon us after an interval of forty-three years. The present century epidemics occurred in 1803, 1833, 1837-8, and in 1847-8. But my friend Professor W. T. Gairdner, M.D., of Glasgow, says that in 1857 a mild epidemic occurred in Scotland; and another friend, Sir Peter Eade, M.D., of Norwich, has recorded cases prevalent in Norfolk in 1878. The late Dr. David Page, an old fellow-student of my own, reported to the Local Government Board on an outbreak of what seemed to be "an unknown infectious disease" occurring at Northallerton in February 1887, and this disease was believed to resemble influenza most nearly.

On and off, therefore, we appear to have been afflicted with *la grippe* or its congeners for many centuries, and the only important variation we seem to experience in its attack-to-day takes the undesirable form of a tendency to remain more permanently with us than before. It is not an ailment which seems to be affected by the weather. It occurs in mild seasons, and it develops amid frost and snow. Its germ must be cosmopolitan in tendencies, and of easy and accommodating habits as regards growth. That it is an infectious malady, nobody seems to doubt. The prevailing opinion in medicine is that *la grippe* is directly contagious from person to person, and one attack certainly does not place the patient under conditions of body in which he becomes insusceptible to a second seizure. As I write, the announcement has been made that Dr. Pfeiffer, of the Royal Institute for Infectious Diseases at Berlin, has succeeded in isolating a germ or bacillus which he regards as the specific cause of influenza. This is not the first time such an announcement has interested us. Dr. Jöles, of Vienna, in January 1890, stated that he had discovered the influenza microbe, but his conclusions were not established. What Dr. Pfeiffer has discovered seems to be a bacillus or rod-like microbe, which occurs in the secretions of the lung in influenza patients, and which, moreover, is said to be found in no other ailment of the breathing organs. These bacilli, it is further stated, were artificially cultivated to the fifth generation; and on being used to inoculate monkeys and rabbits the symptoms of influenza were produced in these animals. Dr. Koch has discovered the same bacillus in the blood of patients suffering from *la grippe* during the fever-stage of the ailment.

The practical conclusions to which we are led by a study of what influenza seems to be, is that the only safety for a person seized with the ailment is to confine himself at once to his bed-room, to go to bed, to maintain an equable temperature, and to send for his physician. I presume no sensible layman, save anyone far removed from medical aid, will attempt to physio himself. Once seized, the doctor's attention is our safety, and more especially because, as we have of late unfortunately seen, the presence of *la grippe* lays us singularly open to be attacked by lung complications, whereof pneumonia, pleurisy, and the like are but too familiar examples. As regards prevention, that is another matter. Personally, I am a great believer in the value of a teaspoonful of compound tincture of cinchona, taken in water twice daily, before meals, both as a preventive measure and as a suitable tonic after attack; while a tabloid containing two or three grains of sulphate of quinine taken daily at breakfast has been credited with preventive qualities of a high order. The one thing needful is to maintain as high a standard of bodily health as possible, but this, of course, is just the difficulty when depressing influences are abroad. The easy mind is also not to be scorned as a condition favouring freedom from this, it is to be hoped temporary, but distressing, scourge.



SANDRINGHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Photo by Goss and Stuart, Richmond; taken Dec. 21, 1891.



THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1892



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

A REVIEW.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Since the bad news of Thursday, Jan. 14, was launched into the air, they who have most cause to grieve have passed through several incidents or stations of sorrow on the way to whatever peace awaits them in the future. These many of us were sensible of at the time, sympathetically hoping that no very great pain was endured as the sufferers passed each of these stations, but knowing that there must have been a reawakening of sorrow at every one.

The first of them was the leaving of Sandringham by the Duchess of Teck, and her daughter, so different from their triumphal arrival a few days before; and then the journey home, every yard of the way haunted by the joyous anticipations that attended the outward journey, and the doors of the White Lodge like the opening of a tomb. Of course, we know that all is not as bad as it seems. There are pleasures and honours to be enjoyed by-and-by, which, if they are not visible from the wreck of what seemed Princess Mary's destiny, do yet await her, and are beyond what falls to the lot of women who are esteemed very fortunate. Yet there are thousands of poor sempstresses, washer-women, or fisher-folk who verily believe that the most unhappy creature in the wide world is Princess May of Teck; and at no time did it seem more so to herself, perhaps, as when her carriage rolled away from the gates of Sandringham or when it stopped at her father's door.

Another occasion, we may suppose, was when the Princess of Wales was at last left alone and in quiet with her dead son. The mother did not feel it, we may be pretty sure; but some of us others repined that she should have so small a share of the torrents of sympathy that were poured out upon the bride. Of course, it was perfectly natural that the bride should be thought of first. All the tragical romance of the Prince's death centres round her; but he was his mother's first-born son: she would be unlike most mothers if the comparative fragility of his health had not endued him the more to her; and we know by the joy with which she goes back to her own people in Denmark from time to time that family affection is very strong in her simple and kindly mind. Sixteen persons, male and female, including eight or ten doctors, nurses, and others not of the family, all assembled about the dying Prince's bed to share with father, mother, and sweetheart his last regards. Is it wrong to wonder at that a little, or fantastic to picture the poor mother weeping apart, while the others crowded about the bride in sincere and poignant grief, eager to assuage her distress? It is very like what has happened many times before; and yet, though it is very natural and reasonable, I do not like the picture, nor the corresponding paucity of sympathy with the Princess of Wales in the Press and in public places. However, there was less to remark on this score as the days went by. The thought of Sandringham emptied of its guests, and the Princess left alone with her son, drew to her the sympathy which, in truth, was never lacking.

And lastly there was the funeral—the funeral, which probably evoked from those who witnessed it a more moving emotion even than the announcement of the Prince's death. I read somewhere the other day that the Duke of Clarence's funeral was to be *only* a military funeral. Notions of grandeur differ, but surely most of us would agree that a military funeral is splendid and imposing above all others. The slow and heavy tramp of the soldiery, heard in a silence that is rarely broken, and sounding like the pulsations of Time; the rumbling of the gun-carriage, which is as a noise from the underworld; on the coffin the flag that brings every Briton's heart into his throat the moment he looks upon it; the dead man's sword and busby on the coffin also, and the long, slow strains of some of the most solemn and soul-shaking music ever composed—these things make a soldier's funeral more impressive than any other. Such a funeral was the Duke of Clarence's, with the noble memories in St. George's Chapel, where he was to have been wedded; and there he lies in the vault, and all is over but the weeping that has again been set aflow, and one or two griefs that will last for many a day. For, other considerations apart, the bettermost testimony is that the young Duke was a sweet-natured, kind-hearted man, a very lover of his mother, and docile to good counsel.

Moreover, it is thought by those among whom he lived that both physically and intellectually he had strengthened of late very considerably. Anyway, not a Sovereign with "opinions of his own" would be the most fortunate occupant of the throne in highly constitutional England.

But a far more pressing question is that which cannot be

SUNDAY SERMONS ON THE PRINCE'S DEATH.

The pulpit, as well as the press, is a proper organ for the expression of public feeling upon events which, like the death of an eminent person, appeal to the common human consciousness of dependence on "a Power not ourselves," and the frailty of our individual tenure even of the highest social privileges and gifts of talent or of fortune. It is well that the sense of mortality, solemnised by religious considerations which are the same in every Church, should occasionally temper the less wholesome moral influences arising from vast differences in worldly station, from birth and rank, from wealth and luxury, or from the fame of distinguished achievements. Humanity is more easily reconciled to these apparent inequalities of position, and is delivered, in some measure, from the evil spirits of envy and scorn by witnessing impressive instances of the sudden end of a highly favoured life; and this sentiment is the purer, the nobler, the more salutary when it is a blameless youthful life, near the fruition of the fairest and sweetest hopes of rising manhood, that has been "cut off even in the blossom of his years"; one who was, indeed, "the expectancy and rose of the fair State," whom we were already learning to know and to honour at the outset of his public career, and whose future domestic happiness was lately the theme of friendly comment among Englishmen and Englishwomen of all classes. If it has been justly observed that the elevated example of family affections, from the illustrious widow lady on the throne, her sons and daughters and their spouses and children, constantly in view of the nation, has been the greatest benefit to this generation that is derived from royalty under modern political conditions, it is not less true that the sympathy aroused by several lamented deaths in that family has softened and refined popular feeling, has mitigated the jealousies of class and the asperities of faction; has even helped private sufferers to bear their own sorrows, not only with the sad knowledge that none are exempt from similar bereavement, but with the assurance that the common heart of mankind is ever disposed to express that sacred compassion for mourners, of which all in turn are in need, and which the humblest can bestow, at such times, most acceptably to their greatest superiors in rank.

Such reflections must have attended the Sunday congregations of Jan. 17 at the London churches and chapels where the officiating ministers, in sermon or in prayer, alluded to the death of the Duke of Clarence, saying, in the language of

Christian faith and consolation, what all thoughtful and kindly people have felt concerning this lamented event and its lesson of mortality with the views of compensation, "the wider hope," lying veiled in mystery beyond. At Westminster Abbey, in the morning, the Dean preached a sermon in which he referred to the loss of this young Prince "in the prime of his early manhood"; remembering how, on Christmas Day, he came, "with his gladdened and thankful parents," to that church, where "he and they stood and knelt among the throng of grateful worshippers who hailed the birthday of the Prince of Peace." The afternoon preacher, Archdeacon Farrar, treated the subject with more particularity from the historical and biographical points of view, mentioning the deaths of Princess Charlotte, the Prince Consort, Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold, and noticing the personal character of the late Duke

of Clarence and his recent betrothal; indeed, he went back to the premature deaths of other young princes in the Tudor and Plantagenet reigns. The Dean of St. Paul's, in the morning, and Canon Scott Holland, at the same great London cathedral, in the afternoon, also the Bishop of Bedford, there in the evening, spoke of the Prince, of his sorrowing parents, and of his affianced bride, with equal truth and tenderness; so did the Dean of Gloucester, preaching at the Temple Church, and he further alluded to the fact that the Prince was a member of the Inner Temple. At the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the chief officials of her Majesty's household were present; Canon Barker preached the sermon. The Prince's death was also noticed at the Savoy Chapel, and at the chapel of the Wellington Barracks. Many of the Nonconformist ministers as well as the clergy of the Established Church dealt with the occasion in the same manner, both in London and in provincial towns. At Windsor, the Dean preached in St. George's Chapel.



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond; taken Dec. 21, 1891.

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND PRINCESS MAY OF TECK.

put aside from any mere motives of delicacy, and which, in fact, has found its way for discussion in every place where the Duke of Clarence's unhappy and untimely death is talked of. This is the question of the succession. Now, it happens that, some months ago, when the marriage of the Duke of Clarence was still but remotely contemplated, I wrote at length in the *Illustrated London News* on this very important theme. But, though it seemed to me a most pressing matter, involving consequences that might not improbably affect the stability of our monarchical system, it did not seem to disturb anybody else. Even when, six months after or thereabout, Prince George was brought to death's door, I do not remember that any voice but my own urged the necessity of marrying one or both of the Prince of Wales's sons if a grave disturbance was to be avoided.



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

PRINCESS MAY OF TECK AS A CHILD.



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AS A CHILD.

OURSELVES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Ourselves, not our "noble selves," but our inner selves, are my topic. It is a strange thing that, though we probably all digest alike (with degrees of excellence), we all seem to think differently. I do not mean that the results of our thinking differ, but that the processes of thought seem to be unlike in different individuals. We all express ourselves in the same way—namely, by signs, verbal, oral, written, printed, or by gesture. But we get at our own ideas in diverse manners. Some think in words, and know it; others, if they think in words, are unconscious of their presence to the mind. But the chief diversity is between people who see pictures of what is in their consciousness and people who do not. Mr. Galton's inquiries show that many persons when they calculate, or are busy with geometry, see, in the innereye, rows of figures, or watch diagrams, often curiously coloured and arranged. Others, of whom the writer is one, see nothing of the sort. By an effort of conscious will I can paint on the inner eye this or that series of figures, but to the other people the figures come uncalled, brilliant, diversified. So some persons actually see the events which they think of or read about. In Mr. Stevenson's new story, "The Wrecker," the hero has visions of the places and persons with whom or with which his mind is busy. He sees the wreck, the ship, the sea-birds; he sees the faces of people about whom he is speculating, with the expressions of their appropriate emotions. True, he is an artist, and so might pass for one peculiarly gifted. But one knows people, men and women not at all artistic, who never give proof of creative imagination; and yet who see all their thoughts in pictures. Now, the writer, who is obliged, in a psychological matter, to speak of himself, sees nothing—that he is thinking about. He reads of a battle, a railway accident, a dance, a love-scene, what you will, and may be keenly interested in what he reads. But his mental eye has no vision of the events. I read Shakspeare—let us say, the scene where Biron climbs a tree, and overlooks the king and courtiers with their love-letters. But it is all present only to my intellect, not at all to my imagination. Even if I try to conceive the colour and form of the scene and the characters, nothing happens. I have a vague, generalised impression of a tree-trunk and leaves; but I must desert these, let them slip, before I can construct any picture of the persons. I know, intellectually, that they wear silks or velvets, tight hose, mantles, ruffs, swords, but of all this I cannot be said to see anything. If I try to remember a face which I know, it almost escapes me, except a very few faces, and they are evanescent. On the other hand, when I am not thinking, consciously, of a person, his face will slip into my view, like a slide of a magic lantern; probably it is the face of someone but dimly remembered, and, to me, wholly unimportant. There is only one case in which I see things, people, places, all quite unknown to me, or, if known, known unconsciously. This is between sleeping and waking, on going to bed. Then faces and places never viewed before come in troops before my eye, often beautiful, often hideous, but always perfectly vivid, nay, brilliant in form and colour. They do not repeat themselves; they never recur. I am conscious enough to watch them and speculate on them. As the closed eye gazes, they shift, a fair face becomes

a hag's; she grins, and is a man in a hat with a tall feather; then a child, and so on. Sometimes they are so persistently grotesque that one opens one's eyes to dispel them. Quite lately one of these pictures showed four or five yards of clear shallow water among the rocks and seaweeds of a tide withdrawn. The white sands, the shells and stones, and a piece of coarse broken pottery were visible under the water. Perhaps, when one is asleep, those visions consolidate themselves into the shapes of dreams; the people take voices and assume characters. I do not know if these are common phenomena—

On the margin grey

'Twixt the soul's night and day;

but their frequency and vividness are a curious contrast to the

remembered. The meanest beginner almost in fiction will tell you that he lives with his airy characters, listens to them, watches them—just as Thackeray and Balzac are known to have done. Then the beginner must report very badly what he is privileged to hear and see: he does not communicate to us the sense of reality. This is the one thing indispensable. Even to me, though no pictures are shown by any one, some authors (not necessarily the most cultivated) give the impression of reality, of truth—convey the temporary power of belief. Others never do this at all; perhaps few or none do it always. I can believe in Lady Audley, but never for a second in Prince Otto. Yet subjective experiences of this kind tell one little. The scenes, the persons introduced, may be real to others, and may fall with us for

want of some sympathetic link or current. Still, when an author's people never win our belief, we may as well abandon their society. They may be "good absolute, not for us, though." The point which one would ascertain, if one could, is the relation between imagination and the habit of thinking in pictures. People may think in pictures and possess imagination; other people may (as far as their art goes) lack imagination and yet may think in pictures. But I doubt if anyone who does not think in pictures can possess artistic and creative imagination. To understand the question thoroughly we should know how great numbers of people think. It is customary to ask authors for confessions about their "methods," and those "interviews" are dull enough. What can a novelist, for example, tell us? "I think about the matter, and then I sit down and write," he says. Sir Walter has left the statement that he did his thinking between asleep and awake, for half an hour in the morning, before he got up. This period he thought favourable to inspiration, or to fresh ideas, which seemed to be given rather than invented. He believed that Homer says something about this; but Homer does not. Scott never tells us whether he thought in pictures (as he probably did) or in ideas. Nobody tells us, because nobody is asked. Authors are fertile in confessions; they do not mind telling what they know about their methods. But on this point they leave us in the dark. Questions are usually put to them in the interests of stupid people, who think that if they knew "how it is done" they could do it themselves. The psychological problem, being purely disinterested, is not stated, is not put. Do you think in pictures and then report what you see? The answer leads to a yet more difficult enigma: Why do some of us think thus and others otherwise? If I were com-

pelled to write a novel I would invent a plot—a very easy thing to do, and a thing with no imagination in it. Then my memory would supply me with traits of character, which I would combine, and describe all this as mechanically as if I were piecing together torn bits of paper. Nobody would take any interest in the result, which might be ingenious, adroit, even clever, but quite lifeless. Another person will see all that I conceive intellectually, and yet his report of what he sees will be as dull as ditch-water. A third will both see and be able to report what he sees, so as to convey a sympathetic thrill to all intelligent readers—to many a vision, to me none. Why do our minds work so differently, in kind, while the workings of our bodies differ only in degree?



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE, PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF FIFE), AND PRINCE GEORGE.

entire absence of mental pictures in one's wide-awake moments. A more interesting question is: Does the thinking in pictures accompany creative imagination—that of novelists, poets, painters? Certainly there are many people who think in pictures, yet are no artists. They tell you of the lucidity of their visions. If they attempt fiction, they vow that they see and hear their characters moving and speaking; but, when you try to read what they have written, there is no appearance of reality, none of imaginative power.

Nothing can be duller. I have made experiments in fiction sufficient to show me that I do not see my characters, they do not move before me; I don't hear and report their conversation, I invent it; I don't watch their faces, I piece them consciously together out of faces which I have seen and



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



The next day the Prince, with Captain Halford and Mr. Beasley, found the track of a bison, and, after following it for about half a mile, came on a huge solitary bull, which the tracker pointed out to the Prince. The bison slowly crept up to within ten yards of the animal and fired. The bison was hit below the shoulder, and immediately fell. The Prince then fired a second barrel, as

the beast lay on the ground, inflicting a mortal wound. Then Mr. Hamington at once proceeded to the spot with the necessary apparatus, and photographed the party. The bison proved to be a grand beast, standing nineteen hands from wither to forefoot, and possessing horns measuring thirty-five inches.—From "The Duke of Clarence in Southern India," by J. D. Res.

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA: HUNTING THE BISON.



On Nov. 28, 1889, the Duke of Clarence, the Maharajah, and party, were to return to Mysore. On the way from the kothah to the Boudipadaga camp, his Royal Highness shot a few birds, and was much pleased at the novelty of riding on my small cart, which, drawn by a pair of trotting bullocks of the well-known Mysore breed, forms an easy and convenient method of getting about the

jungles. After breakfast at the Boudipadaga camp, the whole party was photographed, and his Royal Highness then bid farewell to the Mysore elephant jungles, with warm thanks to those who had been engaged in entertaining him therein.—From "The Duke of Clarence in Southern India," by J. D. Res.

THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA: A RIDE ON A BULLOCK-CART.



LYING-IN-STATE OF THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING AT ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

CARDINAL MANNING.

Probably the first thing that struck every visitor to Cardinal Manning was the singular dismalmess of his surroundings. Most Londoners know Lambeth Palace—the beauty of its position by the margin of the ample, quiet-flowing river, its noble entrance, the well-tempered tints of its walls and buttresses, its air of classic repose, its suggestion of easy ecclesiastical state. Very different was the Cardinal's abode. It was virtually in the heart of the slums of Westminster. Pale and ragged children play on its steps, and round it are all the characteristics of poor London—want of light and colour, dirt, blind corners, rubbish-heaps, mean soot-blackened cottages, a wilderness of chimney-pots. Archbishop's House itself, originally a military clubhouse is as cheerless as its neighbourhood. The long, winding stone staircase is cold and ugly, the passages echo your feet with dismal distinctness, and the library, into which you are ushered, is cheerless. The books on the shelves suggest not the light, and warmth of poetry and literature, but the drier expanses of theological and ecclesiastical learning. When I took my seat in it, the one point of warm colour on which my eye rested gratefully was an unfinished sketch of the then lately dead Cardinal Newman. The only other ornament I recall was a statuette of Pius the Ninth, another, I think, of the present Pope, and a picture or two—the subjects all Catholic. A narrow oaken door opened quietly to my left, and the Cardinal walked in. I remember now my embarrassment at greeting. I could not kneel, and yet it seemed a want of consideration, of delicacy, simply to take the long, thin hand and shake it as one shakes the hand of an everyday acquaintance. It was not only the Cardinal's age, or his dignity, or the singular beauty and at the same time strangeness of his appearance, or the historic associations which he swiftly and inevitably suggested—but a mixture of all these things which impressed me. I suppose all visitors to him had something of this experience. To a young man it was peculiarly trying.

No man, however, knew better how to dispel the diffidence which people of other creeds than his own would sometimes feel in addressing him. His voice was particularly gentle and reassuring; his eyes, without the special beauty of colouring which belongs to Mr. Gladstone's, had a certain grave affectionateness, and there was a tenderness and steadiness in their grey depths which spoke of a truly sympathetic nature. He was deaf, and communication was slow between us, the pauses giving me time to note his appearance. As usual with him when receiving visitors, he wore his biretta, a long old black cassock slenderly trimmed with

red, and a small gold cross, with which his fingers would be toying now and then. His beautifully shaped hands had an almost painfully emaciated appearance, and were deeply ridged with thin purple veins. The face was livid, the cheeks were fallen, the skin was tightly drawn over the high cheekbones, there seemed not a particle of flesh anywhere. It looked as if a mere breath would extinguish the life in this pathetically old man; and yet the voice had in it no note of



This portrait, which was taken in 1812, shows the future Cardinal Archbishop as a little boy listening to a story. The original miniature was one of a group of similar portraits of the Cardinal's brothers and sisters, and is now in the possession of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Manning.—Reproduced from "Merry England."

weakness. When he had done speaking he would fix his eyes on my face with a kindly, perhaps a trifle worldly-wise, smile, and await my reply. The manners were not those of a typical ecclesiastic at all—rather they suggested an ingenuous Ulysses, who had seen men and cities, and was willing to discourse and advise with the frankness which is most charming of all in age.

The Cardinal has been called a Socialist. I did not gather that impression from him. I thought he had a strong religious and æsthetic dislike of some aspects of modern industrialism, a great contempt for party politics, and a deep personal affection for the Catholic and non-Catholic working-men, for whom he did so much, and who repaid his services with a trust and affection they bestowed on no other religious leader of his time. I found that one of his favourite ideas was that a proper relation between wages and profits could be established by capitalists being compelled to open their books to public inspection, and thus to show what they were making for themselves and what they were reserving for their workers. Above all, it was clear that he was essentially an Englishman. He distrusted working-class movements abroad, because of their "political" character, and also, I have no doubt, because of their relations to free-thought. But he could find no words too strong in praise of the British trade unions, and even of the new unionism, which he compared with the mediæval guilds, and he expressed a steady belief in the uprightness of its leaders. On education he held, of course, a different line of thought. All traces of State Socialism disappeared, and he took his stand clearly on the point that education was the work, not of the community, but of the parent, and that the only matter with which the State had any concern was to supplement the exertions of the family by money aid. In the course of talk he showed that he had scant faith in politicians. "What do you expect of them?" he asked, with a certain touch of dry contempt which was his nearest approach to intellectual impatience. Sometimes I did not think his thought quite so clear as its expression, which was beautifully simple, limpid, and easy. A cheerful serenity breathed through all his talk about social troubles, and when he spoke from the heart no one could doubt the strength and sincerity of the utterance. The entire impression of his personality was that of real nobility, unaffected sweetness of temper, and a certain affectionate insight which served him admirably when more formal investigators often failed to get at the truth. In spirit he was a genuine friend of the people, pride—ecclesiastical and other—being utterly banished from that composed and kindly face. After I left him I had an occasional letter from him, always written in his own firm, elegant, upright hand, and coming prompt on the receipt of the original communication. Patience, firmness, knowledge of the world, a refinement entirely English in its bent, were, I think, his leading characteristics; and, above all, a love of his fellow-men was evident in his ascetic life, in his choice of a cheerless abode in the heart of the great city to which he gave himself, and in his gift of tendering sympathetic counsel to those whose faith had failed them, or who had fallen helplessly on the thorns and stony ways of life. H. W. M.

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TESTIMONIALS.

The BISHOP OF LONDON writes: "The Carbolic Smoke Ball has benefited me greatly."

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Dr. J. RUSSELL HARRIS, M.D., writes from 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, Sept. 24, 1891: "Many obstinate cases of post-nasal catarrh, which have resisted other treatment, have yielded to your Carbolic Smoke Ball."

A. GIBBONS, Esq., Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, writes from 172, Strand, W.C., Feb. 14, 1890: "During a recent sharp attack of the prevailing epidemic I had none of the unpleasant and dangerous catarrh and bronchial symptoms. I attribute this change to the use of the Carbolic Smoke Ball."

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George Gore, and the remainder of the income to her sister, Georgina Rous. On the death of her sister the whole of the income is to be paid to her said nephew; and at his death the capital is to go to his children, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated July 21, 1887), with two codicils (dated April 18, 1890; and Feb. 25, 1891), of Mr. Joseph Stevens, formerly of the United Hotel, Charles Street, St. James's, and late of 9, King William Street, Strand, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Jan. 5 by Richard Stevens, Henry Stevens, and Nicholas Stevens, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Finsbury Dispensary (Brewer Street North, Goswell Road), and the Association for the General Welfare of the Blind (Berner Street); £100 to each of his executors; an additional £500 to the said Richard Stevens; his furniture and effects and £3000 to Matilda Summers; his silver plate and jewellery to his brother Edwin William; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his said brother Edwin William, the widow and seven surviving children of his late brother George, two of the children of his late brother Nicholas, and his said nephew Nicholas Stevens, and his sister, Jessie Emma.

The will (dated June 11, 1886), with three codicils (dated Aug. 6, 1887; Aug. 4, 1888; and May 12, 1890), of Mr. Robert William Peake, chief clerk in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, late of Spring Grove, Isleworth, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Dec. 30 by Hugh Rossindell Peake, the son, and the Misses Edith and Anne Katherine Peake, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator gives legacies to his son-in-law and to servants; and distributes the remainder of his property among his children.

The will (dated July 18, 1883), with three codicils (dated Dec. 7, 1888; Nov. 11, 1890; and Feb. 4, 1891), of Mrs. Jane Anne Hibbert, late of No. 22, St. James's Place, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Dec. 17 by George Caledon Alexander and John Calvert Hibbert, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to her executors, to distribute in such shares and proportions among such charitable institutions as they shall select; to the Vicar of Chalfont St. Peter's, £400 for the funds of the Cottage Hospital of the said parish, £300 for the funds of the infant school of the said parish, and £300 for the funds of the almshouses of the said parish; £300 each to the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls (Marylebone Road), the Cripples' Nursery for Boys and Girls (Clarence Gate, Regent's Park), the Church Missionary Society, the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Road), the Royal Home for Incurables (Putney Heath), and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her estate she gives to her great-niece, Florence Jane Reade, and her nephew, Finnes Hibbert.

The will (dated March 20, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 21, 1888), of Colonel George Briggs, J.P., formerly 1st Dragoon Guards, late of Catherine House, Hornedean, Hants, who died on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 22 by Major William Egginton Briggs and Major George Ewbank Briggs, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amount-

ing to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his children, farm bailiff, and domestic servants; and he gives such sums as, with what they will be respectively entitled to out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement, and under the will of their grandfather, will make up the portion of his son William Egginton to £15,000, of his son George Ewbank to £10,000, and of his two daughters, Florence Letitia and Constance Frances, to £8000 each. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his four children, rateably to the said portions.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1889) of Mr. George Charles Uppleby, D.L., J.P., late of Barrow Hall, Barrow-on-Humber, Lincolnshire, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Jan. 5 by William Vigor Fox, Richard Adrian Eddie, Henry Uppleby Woollaston, and Robert Brown, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator devises the advowson of the benefice of Corringham to his son, the Rev. George Crowle Uppleby. He bequeaths £100 to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Uppleby, whom he has already provided for by settlement. A sum of £5000 is directed to be raised and paid to the trustees of the settlement of Leila Frances Uppleby. He charges his real estate with an annuity of £300 to each of his daughters, Emily Mary and Laura Violet, and gives them respectively a power to appoint £5000 at their deaths. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

OBITUARY.

LORD ABINGER.

The Right Hon. William Frederick, third Baron Abinger, of Abinger, in the county of Surrey, C.B., Lieutenant-general in the Army, died of pneumonia on Jan. 16, at Fort William, Inverness-shire. His lordship was born on Aug. 30, 1826, the elder son of Robert Campbell, second peer, and grandson of the Right Hon. Sir James Scarlett, Knight, P.C.



D.C.L., Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who was created Baron Abinger in January 1845. The nobleman whose death we record received his education at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the Army as ensign in the Scots Guards in 1846, and attained the rank of lieutenant-general in 1882. He took a distinguished part at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and throughout the whole campaign to its close. His services were most highly mentioned in the despatches, and he received the decoration of C.B., a medal with four clasps, the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal. His lordship, who was a magistrate and a deputy lieutenant for Inverness-shire, married, on Dec. 23, 1863, Helen, daughter of the late Commodore George Allan

Magruder, of the United States Navy, and leaves, with three daughters, an only son, James Yorke MacGregor, now fourth Baron Abinger, a lieutenant in the Cameron Highlanders, who was born in 1871.

VISCOUNT DILLON.

The Right Hon. Arthur Edmund Denis, sixteenth viscount, of Costello Gallen, in the county of Sligo, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on Jan. 12, at Ditchley, Oxfordshire. His lordship was born in April 1812, the third son of Henry Augustus, thirteenth viscount, by his marriage with Henrietta, eldest daughter of Mr. Dominick Geoffrey Browne, M.P., a Governor of Mayo, and sister of the first Lord



Oranmore and Browne. He was educated at Oxford, where he graduated B.A. He was for several years a clerk in the Home Office. In November 1879 he succeeded his brother in the viscounty. The deceased nobleman married, April 22, 1843, Ellen, daughter of the late Mr. John Addeley, and leaves two sons—the elder, Harold Arthur, now seventeenth Viscount Dillon, born in January 1844, and formerly lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade. He married, Nov. 3, 1870, Julia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Isaac B. Stanton, and has a son, Harry Lee Stanton, born in 1874.

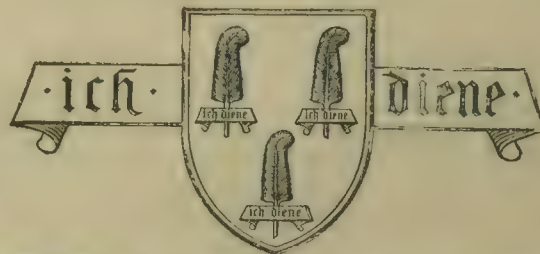
SIR GEORGE OSBORN, BART.

Sir George Robert Osborn, sixth baronet, of Chicksands Priory, county Bedford, died on Jan. 11, at his seat near Bedford. He was born Oct. 29, 1813, the eldest son of Sir John Osborn, fifth baronet, by his wife, Frederica Louisa, daughter of Sir Charles Davers, Bart. Educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, he entered the Army in 1832 as lieutenant in the 85th Regiment, but he retired in 1835. He was a magistrate and a deputy lieutenant for Bedfordshire, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1857. The baronet whose decease we record married, first, Aug. 27, 1835, Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Kerr, sister of the ninth Earl of Antrim; and secondly, May 20, 1871, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. By the former, who died Jan. 17, 1866, he leaves issue. His grandson and successor, now Sir Algernon Kerr Butler Osborn, seventh baronet, was born Aug. 8, 1870.



THE COUNTESS OF MOUNTCASHILL.

The Right Hon. Charlotte Mary, Countess of Mountcashill, died on Jan. 17, at her residence, Ballynatray House, near Yonghal, county Cork, after a few days' illness. Her ladyship was the only child and heiress of the late Mr. Richard Smyth, of Ballynatray, by the Hon. Harriet St. Leger, his wife, younger daughter of Hayes, second Viscount Doneraile.



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ART NOTES.

The Arts Club, from its earliest days, refused to be bound by the traditions of ordinary club-life, and was, perhaps, the very first to organise entertainments for members and their friends. Now that it has reached its maturity, it shows no desire to fall away from its earlier habits; and, if it may be said of its members—

They please, and so do! they give, to gain esteem, visitors who enjoy their social gatherings may fairly hope that the remainder of the banquet is equally applicable—

THESE MEN, they give, to gain esteem, visitors who enjoy their social gatherings may fairly hope that the remainder of the banquet is equally applicable—

This might with truth be said of the entertainment provided by Mr. Henry Blackburn on Monday, Jan. 18, which from first to last went without a hitch, and was all the livelier on account of the running comments of the onlookers. Mr. Blackburn wished to show artists how their work looked when transferred by photography to glass, and then analysed by the search light of the magic-lantern. For this purpose he selected some hundred and fifty reproductions of artists' works—one portion having been photographed direct from the paintings, and the other from sketches made by the artists themselves in black and white. In the first series the landscape painters showed to great effect, and in many cases the depth and completeness of their work were, perhaps, even more apparent than in the finished pictures, as exhibited at Burlington House and elsewhere. This was especially the case in Mr. P. Graham's, Mr. Vicat Cole's, Mr. Wyllie's, and even in Mr. Sidney Cooper's work. In the second series, the firmness and deftness of the artists' drawing were more appreciable—as, for example, in Mr. Herkomer's, Mr. Briton Riviere's, and Sir John Gilbert's figures. On the whole, the result of the analysis could not but be flattering to English artists, who had also an opportunity of comparing their methods with those of French artists, of whose pictures some fifty examples were also given. It was, moreover, generally admitted that Mr. Blackburn has hit upon a method not only of showing artists to the public, but of revealing artists to themselves.

As regards the Arts Club, it may be mentioned that apparently it contains amongst its members a "minor poet" whom Mr. H. D. Traill has not included amongst his expectants of the Laureateship. At present he remains anonymous, and his only production has but a limited circulation among the members of the club, whose chief characteristics he touches upon with no little humour. The poem is entitled "An R.A. Election Night at the Arts Club," when the members meet together to welcome their ennobled brother. Each in his turn is supposed to congratulate him, and foremost amongst them will be easily recognised—

The patron of the Muses and the Stars,
The master of loquacious volubility;
Who loves not Latin, but with Goethe sours,
Lies daylight through the second part of Faust.

Not a few among the members have already achieved the distinction which the Academician-elect has just begun to enjoy. Foremost among such, the "Apollo Belvedere"—

Stands there erect in all his glory seen;
A noble kernel of special grace imparting,
Fatal to female as to female hearts.

But the cynic is not misad, even at this joyous gathering, and is ready as ever with his sage advice to the aspirant to fame, and blandly tells him—

"Life is but short—live your allotted span,
Nor be a nuisance to your fellow-man,
Be not enough that you should early rise,
To be successful—you must advertise."

We have only room for one more quotation from this clever skit, and we have no doubt that our readers will be able to adapt it to its object—

Peripatetic, eclectic, eclectic,
Profound exponent of black and white;
Who, with the fortune that he's saved from art,
Owns a thatched house and drives a donkey-cart.

Mr. H. W. P. Davis, R.A.'s collection of "Studies and Pictures from Nature," now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (118, New Bond Street), brings him before the public as a painter of wider sympathies than he has been usually credited with. His Highland moors wreathed in cloud and mist, his shaggy, long-horned, picturesque cattle have been familiar objects in each succeeding year's exhibition at Burlington House. He now shows that in the flat plains and sandy stretches of Picardy, among the Suffolk wheatfields or the Surrey commons, he is as full of appreciation for landscape as in the mountain passes of Ross-shire or the bare moorlands of Sutherlandshire. His chief characteristic—we had almost ventured to say his leading fault—is his fondness for polychromatic puzzles, in which a curious shade of purple madder plays an important part. It reappears at all times of the day, at all seasons of the year, and on both sides of the Channel with singular pertinacity. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, we can frankly admire such honest work as is displayed in the view over the "Valley of the Liane," "A Sunny Morning in Early Summer in Picardy," and "Reploughing in Spring." All three works show a fine appreciation of the pictorial resources of that country through which the traveller from Calais to Paris rushes without deigning to look from the windows of the railway carriage. For English scenery few places surpass Conyhurst Hill—accessible in a little more than an hour from London—or Prospect Hill Park, scarcely more remote; and to both of these Mr. Davis does full justice. But those who wish to see him, perhaps, at his best must follow him to the great deer forest of Applecross, and with him the noble herd of deer—stag and hinds—find the "Way to the Sanctuary"; for it is scenery of this sort and incidents of this kind which rouse Mr. Davis to really masterful work.

Did Mazeppa have any existence in real life? The question has been frequently put forward by those who were not prepared to accept Voltaire's account of the "gentilhomme polonais" who was made hero of Byron's poem. As to the part which the "Cossack's guest" played in history much is still left in unsatisfactory gloom; but this much is known, that after the battle of Pultowa Charles XII. fled towards the Turkish territory, accompanied by a few hundred horsemen—among these an officer known by the name of Mazeppa. An interesting discovery has now been made in the cathedral of Galatz, which may possibly throw some light upon the legend. Just beneath the principal altar has been found, by the merest chance, a tomb bricked up with more than usual care, and on it a marble slab bearing an inscription in Greek, which, it is said, gives a short biography of the distinguished Pole who has passed for so many years as a Cossack, and who is known to have lived for some time at Varnitz after the Sultan's refusal to surrender him to the Czar.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It has been a sad week for the playhouses as elsewhere—probably sadder in the theatre than in any other one department of public life. This fact should not be forgotten. A national calamity can, by accident, cause much personal sacrifice which is very little known to the outside world. I hear commiseration expressed for tradesmen and manufacturers who were preparing the wedding garments, and had thousands of yards of silks and satins on the looms all gay with springtime branches of English May. Well, they will have to force a sale somehow or other. A lovely dress, decorated with May blossom, need not necessarily be a drag in the fashion market. I can conceive nothing prettier. Everything that points to an English spring is to me delightful. Imagination can spring from a woman's robe, and if you want an example, notice, when you go to see "A Fool's Paradise" at the Garrick, a gorgeous garment worn by Miss Olga Netherole, the beautiful murderess. It was an artist who designed that dress. It takes me away to a little warm corner I could show you in the garden-ground surrounding a house called "The Highlands," at Sidestrand, near Cromer. There, in happy days long past, I have seen the birth of the daffodil. How gorgeous looks the golden daffodil, with its bright green leaves in the warm corner of an English garden in spring! I would sooner see it than the "gaudy melon flower." All that idea of springtime is conveyed in the daffodil-patterned brocade worn by the actress, with its faint suggestion of spring greenery and earthly freshness. But I am digressing into dress instead of alluding to disaster. How about the grand patrons of dress? How about Henry Irving and Sir Augustus Harris, who do so much for costume and manufacture in this country? How about the men who mount Shakespeare as the poet has never been mounted before, and who use "real stuffs" on the stage and detest tinsel? How about these pioneers of trade, who do so much for the English looms and encourage art in costume? Well, just as they were beginning to draw back their stakes on the theatrical tables out went the gas! Just as they were relying on their £400 or £500 a night to recoup their enormous investments, the croupier cried out: "Le jeu est fait! Rien ne va plus." A closing of Drury Lane for two nights and two mornings means a loss of about £2000! A closing of the Lyceum for two nights means a sacrifice of £1000. But this is not all. The individual suffers as well as the capitalist, and when "treasury" day comes round every employé in the theatre finds the bitterness of the old theatrical rule, "No play, no pay." The nation may mourn, but the wretched "super," the "dresser," and the "cleaner" have less bread-and-butter than usual. It cannot be helped. This is one of the misfortunes of the profession. And remember, this year there was no Lord Chamberlain's order to close the theatres. The managers acted on their own responsibility, and their action was distinguished for its courtesy, affectionate sympathy, and good taste. However, "heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A long period of Court mourning is never disastrous to theatrical enterprise. Quite the contrary. When there are no dinner-parties, or entertainments, or public functions, people must go to the play. They have no other distraction. The reaction must come, and it is most properly found in the blameless theatre.

Meanwhile, I do not remember anything to have worked such unparalleled disaster as the double panic of national grief and influenza plague. Let me count up the slain. Mr. D'Oyly Carte has been compelled to close both his beautiful theatres. "The Basoche" and "The Natch Girl" went under with

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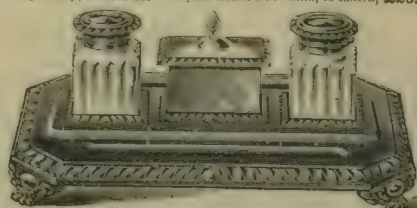
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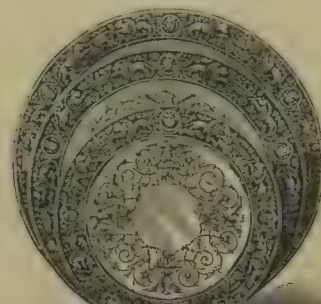
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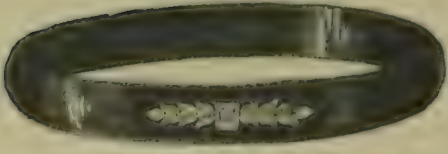


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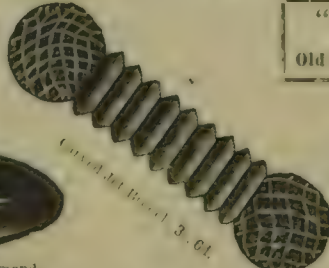
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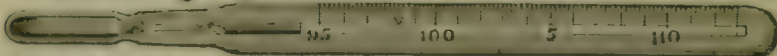
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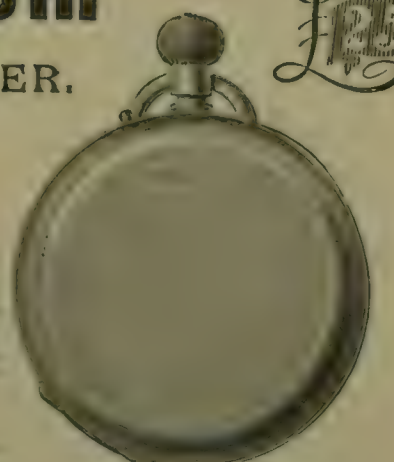
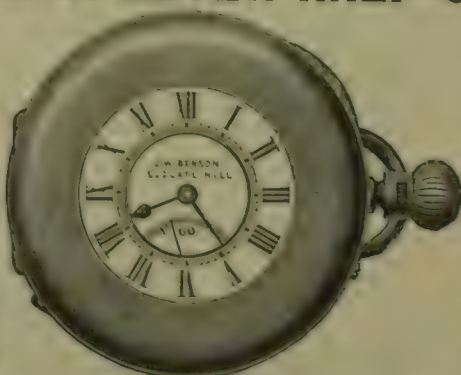


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THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.



LESS than two months ago the announcement of the betrothal of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck seemed to bring us—as a nation—into closer relationship and sympathy with the royal family. Even a Prince, so we might have thought, shares with the very least of us the passions and joys of humanity. The marriage was popular; the preparations for festivity and rejoicing on its occasion had already commenced. It was a love-match, as was well known, not a mere political arrangement; and the announcement gave a fresh and more personal warmth to the loyalty of a loyal country.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is dead! On the morning of Jan. 14 a grey and gloomy day, the news reached London. We heard at noon the great bell of St. Paul's tolling at solemn intervals; in the great houses of business the blinds were drawn; the flags drooped half-mast high; later in the day it became known that the theatres would be closed. In every street we saw men and women speaking of the great event in hushed voices. The night that followed was singularly beautiful; in the frosty air the moonlight shone with intense whiteness and brilliance; there had been a light fall of snow. As one looked out into the night, one's thoughts went naturally to the great house at Sandringham, made desolate by death, to a mother mourning for her first-born, to a woman mourning for her lover.

THE PITY OF IT!

It needs no eloquent words to show the pathos of that death. Just the bare record of facts must make the awful and tragic irony of it seem wellnigh intolerable. At the beginning of a new year of his life, on the very threshold of his public career, with man's greatest happiness just within his grasp, with the highest position in the world awaiting him in his future the young Prince died. Only a few days before, ready—as he always was—to do all that duty and good feeling required of him, he had stood, shivering in the bitter cold, by the grave of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe. He was not well when he returned; but the young Prince was no nervous hypochondriac, and the mistake, for which no one can possibly be blamed, was made. There was a day's shooting, and the young Prince went out. It was not until his birthday, Jan. 8, that his illness seemed at all important. A dinner was given in his honour, but he was unable to attend it. Then followed that anxious time which all remember so well; every day the crowds waited anxiously for the bulletins. Cardinal Manning from his own death-bed inquired for the news of the Prince. On the night before the death there seemed, as if in ironical mockery, to be fresh hope; by two in the morning that hope had vanished. The "Prayers for the Dying" were read by the bedside. Shortly after nine o'clock the despairing group by his bedside knew that all was over. The Princess of Wales—brave, devoted, untiring—had shown unflinching fortitude until the last, and then broke down completely. Truly it needs no eloquent words to add to the heart-breaking sorrow of that death-bed scene.

THE SYMPATHY OF THE NATION.

"*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede.*" These are the words that Lord Coleridge quoted, with faltering voice, as he announced the confirmation of the news. In these last few days many must have found a new force in words old enough to be commonplace, in the truth that is beyond question. "There is one event unto all," said the old king, who had found that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. We must all die—*sive reges, sive inopes erimus coloni*—prince and peasant alike—we must all sorrow for the dead. If their joy, that promise of joy, seemed to bring us nearer to the royal family, how much deeper must be our sympathy with their sorrow? We seem, as it were, to see for a moment through the splendour and the ceremony that at times hide the human side of royalty from us. We see the suffering which is common to all, the bereavement which all must at some time experience. The very manner of the Prince's death was common: many similar deaths are recorded daily in the columns of the press. Many of us must, within our own personal experience, know of recent cases of bereavement startlingly similar. This

national expression of sympathy is no hollow, ceremonial form. On that morning of Jan. 14, in St. Paul's Cathedral, prayers were offered for the comfort of the royal family in their affliction; most earnestly and most sincerely does the whole nation join in that prayer.

And yet the very expression of sympathy seems almost to be a profanation of a sacred sorrow. We have no words which are gentle enough, tender enough, loyal enough. And yet, not now, but haply at some later time, those who were nearest to the Prince may like to think that such sympathy existed, and that, however clumsy the manner in which we could offer it, it was at least true.

THE BIRTH AT FROGMORE.

The birth of the Prince at Frogmore was attended by unusual circumstances. It took place on Jan. 8, 1864; it was not expected until the following March. Indeed, the Princess had that day been skating on Virginia Water. The Home Secretary, whose duty it is to be present at the birth of those in the direct line of succession, was not there; there was no nurse in attendance; the Court physicians were absent. Dr. Brown, of Windsor, was hurriedly summoned, and at two minutes to nine the Prince was born. Lord Granville, who chanced to be the Prince of Wales's guest at the time, attested the birth. All went well, but the Prince was never robust; and this may have been due to the conditions of his birth. The announcement of the fact in London on the following day was received with rejoicing. The bells of the City churches were rung, and the guns in the Park fired a double royal salute. The words of the late Lord Derby, speaking in the House of Lords, represented the feelings of all in their expression of congratulation and good wishes for the prosperity of the new-born Prince. "I am sure," he said, "there is not one of your lordships who does not offer up a fervent prayer to the Throne of Grace . . . that, long after the youngest of your lordships has passed away from this scene, the throne of these realms may be occupied by the descendants of the illustrious Prince and his new-born heir."

The christening ceremony was extremely interesting. It took place in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace on March 10, the first anniversary of the wedding-day of the child's parents. The altar was hung with crimson velvet and gold lace, and the sacramental vessels were displayed upon it. The service was choral. The Queen handed the child to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and gave the name "Albert Victor

studies of the two brothers were directed by the Rev. John Neale Dalton (now Canon of Windsor). The young Prince was ten years old at the time of that memorable illness of the Prince of Wales; in after life he never forgot that time, nor the thanksgiving service which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral upon his father's recovery. In 1877 he entered as a naval cadet her Majesty's ship *Britannia*. And here one must say a word of the great wisdom which was shown in the Prince's education. It was varied. It included a knowledge of naval and military life. It embraced a stay at Cambridge and at Heidelberg. Travel contributed to it a practical experience of foreign lands and of our own colonies. "Travaille, in the younger sort," wrote Bacon, "is a part of education." The wisdom lay in the variety. For the great future upon which the young Prince, had he been spared to us, would have entered, a literary education alone would have been a mistake. The King must not be a specialist: his sympathies and his knowledge of affairs must be wide.

ON BOARD THE BACCHANTE.

It was on Aug. 6, 1879, that the Princes joined the *Bacchante*. The object of this part of their education—for so it must be considered—has been plainly stated by their tutor, Mr. Dalton. "The regularity and freedom from all outside interruption was just what was required in the case of the two Princes for purposes of school and study, as well as for instruction in a sailor's duties. The period spent at sea was to the Princes the equivalent of a schoolboy's ordinary life; the holiday time was represented by the occasions on which they were away from the ship on leave, or when they went up-country. When his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales determined to send his sons to sea, it was chiefly with a view to the mental and moral training they would receive as midshipmen in her Majesty's Navy." Doubtless it was expected, too, that the voyage would have a good effect on the young Princes' health. The training included instruction in seamanship, gunnery, mathematics, and French. It was fully recognised that there can be no royal road to learning. "As long as they were on board ship the Princes were treated exactly like the other midshipmen, and performed all the duties which usually fall to their lot: they took their turns in all weathers by day or night at watch-keeping and going aloft, at sail drill, or boat duty. There was no difference, not even the slightest, of any sort or kind made between them and their gun-room messmates." It may well have been on board the *Bacchante* that Prince Albert Victor learned that regard for discipline



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Christian Edward." The royal baby wore the robe of Honiton lace in which the Prince of Wales was christened, with a cloak of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, and a mantle of white satin. There was a banquet after the ceremony in the supper-room at the Palace. Some time before this the bulletins with regard to the child's health, which had always been favourable, were no longer thought necessary, and were discontinued.

EARLY LIFE.

The young Prince's early life was spent for the most part at Sandringham. He was seventeen months old when Prince George was born. The intense affection which Prince Albert Victor always showed for his parents and his home testifies to the happiness of these early days. The

and thoroughness which he expressed afterwards in the well-chosen words that he addressed to the Whitechapel boys. Certainly we must look with admiration on this voluntary endurance of what is well known to be by no means an easy life. There were two cruises, separated by a short period of holiday time passed at home. It was during the first cruise, on the birthday of Prince Albert Victor, in 1880, when the vessel was at Trinidad, that the two brothers were rated as midshipmen. The second cruise kept the Princes absent from England for a much longer time. One can well imagine the eagerness and enthusiasm which all the wonderful and picturesque sights of a voyage round the world would evoke in the royal midshipmen. The account of their life on board the *Bacchante* has already been given to us in

two volumes published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1885. It has been thought that these volumes were too much edited: they have not the freshness and natural character which are noticeable in her Majesty's books. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that the Princes were very young, and that some assistance in the work of authorship must have been necessary. The cruise, which came to an end in the autumn of 1882, brought with it no very great perils and adventures. The traditional ceremonies took place when the vessel crossed the line, and in these the Princes took their share. Most interesting, perhaps, is the account of the loyal reception with which they were greeted in Australia by our brother Englishmen across the sea. Here they had some experiences in the bush, and the young Princes tried their hands at the miner's pick in a Ballarat gold-mine. There was also the usual round of balls, entertainments, and festivities.

THE PRINCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

In 1883 the Prince entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where his father and grandfather had been before him. It is said that he found the constant restraints which were upon him at Cambridge irksome. He was now nearing his majority, and it was not unnatural that he should feel the limitations which his position enforced upon him. The average undergraduate rejoices in the independence that the University career brings with it and with his newly acquired freedom from school discipline; but there are some limitations from which a Prince can never escape. The Prince, who was accompanied by Mr. Dalton, did a certain amount of

When it is remembered that at this time Mr. Stuart was holding an official position at Trinity College, it will be seen that the situation was a delicate one. That little touch of awkwardness seems to make the whole thing real and natural, and certainly the tact and good feeling which the Prince displayed were admirable.

His life at Cambridge was quiet enough. He entertained his friends at times, but with no undue extravagance and no ostentation. His friends were not left entirely to his own selection, of course, but we may believe that to a certain extent he selected. Among them were some of the most able and prominent of his year, and one, at least, of the most brilliant. When, in 1886, he returned to Cambridge to open the new buildings at the Union, he was able to refer to his stay at the University as having been pleasant. The Prince spent his vacations at the University of Heidelberg. After he left Cambridge the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

THE COMING OF AGE.

On Jan. 8, 1885, Prince Albert Victor came of age. There were great rejoicings at Sandringham. It was the wish of the Prince of Wales that these should be of a private character; but they included the neighbourhood, and the young Prince made suitable and modest replies to deputations of the tenantry and of the Norwich Corporation. His birthday present from his father was a pair of guns: he was a good shot, as he proved more than once subsequently during his visit to India. On this occasion we find another instance of the Prince's great natural kindness. A little boy at one of



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

Wales is colonel, in 1885, and was with his regiment at Alder shot, at York, and at Dublin. He took great pains to learn his duties, and made himself a fair officer. At York he stayed for some considerable time, and made himself very popular. He occasionally attended service at York Minster, but he would never have a special stall retained for him. In the private houses that he visited at York, his love of simplicity and his dislike of fuss were also obvious. He was greatly attached to his regiment, and was well liked by his comrades. He hunted regularly, and always ran a horse of his own in the regimental steeplechases.

IN INDIA.

In the October of 1889 the young Prince was present at the marriage of two of his cousins, the Duke of Sparta and Princess Sophie of Prussia, daughter of the Emperor Frederick, at Athens. He went through Egypt, and landed at Bombay early in November, accompanied by Sir Edward Bradford and a suite. An account of the Prince's travels in India has been written by Mr. J. D. Rees, and recently published. From Bombay the Prince proceeded at once to the dominions of the Nizam. An inscription on a triumphal arch at Poona especially attracted the Prince's attention. It was as follows—

Tell Grandma we're a happy nation,
But nineteen crores without education.

A crore, it should be explained, signifies a million. At Hyderabad the young Prince was received with warm and profuse hospitality by the Nizam. To give one instance of the minute care which the Nizam displayed for the comfort and safety of his royal guest, it may be mentioned that every culinary vessel used in the preparation of the Prince's food had been brought specially from England, and no such vessel was used until it had been inspected by a doctor. Banquets, balls, snipe-shooting, and buck-shooting crowded the Prince's stay at Hyderabad with amusements. From thence the Prince went to Madras, where he played polo, replied to a municipal address, visited a hospital and museum, and went through a further round of entertainments. From Madras the Prince started for Mysore. Here, under the guidance of Mr. Sanderson, who knows what there is to know about elephants, the Prince witnessed the catching and securing of thirty-seven of these animals. He was much pleased with the novelty of riding on a jungle-



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

reading, and attended a course of historical lectures. He never attained, or pretended to attain, to any important degree of scholarship. Occasionally he would attend the Varsity sermon at Great St. Mary's; sometimes he would be seen lounging in a boat on the river that runs through the "Backs," the most beautiful spot in Cambridge and one of the most beautiful spots in England. He went down to the June races, and his boat did not always escape the general "rag" returning from Ditton Corner. His unaffected simplicity made him popular. He took part in most sports. He got to like Cambridge during his period of residence, and was sorry to leave it. His rooms were in Neville's Court, on the same staircase as those of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. James Stuart, M.P. The latter has supplied (in the columns of the *Star*) some very interesting reminiscences of the Prince at Cambridge, from which we quote one little incident—

"Though somewhat stiff and slow in manner, he had yet a keen perception of what was necessary to put people at their ease. The following is an instance of this which occurred to myself: When I stood for the undivided borough of Hackney, in 1881, I pledged myself to vote against any further increase of grant to the royal family, and in particular against the grant which was then mooted to the Prince himself on coming of age. When I returned to Cambridge after my election, the Prince came into my room—exactly as before—and I noticed how, with a little awkwardness, and yet with such evident good feeling, he strove to let me see that my pledge, to which he somewhat slyly alluded, made no difference to his friendliness."

the Liverpool elementary schools wrote the following letter of congratulation to the Prince—

"May it please your Royal Highness, that I, a little school lad, may be permitted to wish you many happy returns of this, your great birthday, and in doing so I pray that your noble parents and yourself may long be spared to follow the example of our great and good Queen, for what would England's history be to us English boys without its Kings and Queens?"

One can imagine that little boy's delight when he received this reply, in the Prince's own handwriting—

"Jan. 9, 1885, Sandringham, Norfolk.—Prince Albert Victor thanks Master B. H. for his letter of congratulation on his birthday, so very neatly written. He is very glad to hear that Master H. likes the study of history, and he hopes he will continue to make progress in it."

The manner of the letter is a little stiff, but the kindness, the desire to please, is evident. Mr. Gladstone's letter to the young Prince has been much quoted, with high praise, even from political opponents. It was a wise and dignified letter, and brought a cordial reply from the Prince. "Believe me," he wrote, "I am very grateful for your remembrance of me this day, and that among the many offerings which have reached me I prize nothing more than the letter you have so kindly written."

IN THE ARMY.

It has been said that the Prince found his career in the Army more to his taste than any other part of his education. He was gazetted to the 10th Hussars, of which the Prince of



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

cart, drawn by a pair of trotting bullocks. During his expedition at Travancore the Prince seems to have had very fair sport. He shot a huge bull-bison. "No animal," writes Mr. Rees, "tiger and elephant not excepted, is more dangerous to track than the bison." The Prince saw Trichinopoly on his return journey, and paid another short visit to Madras before embarking for Burmah. The vernacular press was full of references to the young Prince, welcomed him warmly, and expressed its approval of her Majesty's orders that the visit should be treated as private. He left India in March, greatly impressed by the reception which had been accorded to him.



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND HIS SISTER, PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF FIFE).

It was reflected glory—so he said—a testimony of the devotion of the people to the Queen-Empress.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Upon his return from India, in May 1890, the Prince was admitted to the Peerage with the title of Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone. It was directed that he should rank after the Duke of Connaught, and take precedence of the Duke of Albany. Prince Albert Victor took his seat in the House of Lords on June 23; he was introduced by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. From their places in the royal

gallery the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud watched the imposing ceremony. It was an important occasion, a recognition that the Prince was now entering upon his public career, and from henceforth might be expected to assist the Prince of Wales in the many duties of his position. No one could have guessed then how soon that career would be ended and the young Prince be taken from us. He had appeared in public on other occasions, but it was expected that now he would be seen and heard more frequently.

SOME CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

There are some coincidences in connection with the story of the Prince which are so curious that they deserve to be recorded, although only the superstitious will consider them to be anything more than coincidences.

The title of the Dukedom of Clarence has always been confined to royalty. One of the sons of Edward III. was the first to receive the title. It has always seemed to be unlucky; no Duke of Clarence has ever transmitted his title to his descendants.

A story is quoted in the *Speaker* as having been current in London society some years ago. It states that the Prince once had his fortune told by a gipsy who was ignorant of his rank. "The woman's prediction was to the effect that marriage would mean death to him. It was said that on trying his luck a second time with another fortune-teller he had received a similar warning against contemplating matrimony."

Lastly, it has been pointed out that the numbers fourteen and twenty-eight seem to be peculiarly fatal to the royal family. The Prince died on the fourteenth day of the month, aged twenty-eight. Princess Alice and Prince Albert both died on the fourteenth day of the month, and the Duke of Albany on the twenty-eighth.

PUBLIC APPEARANCES.

The public appearances of the Prince have been for the most part in connection with philanthropical objects. His first public speech was addressed to the boys of "The Whittington Club," in Leman Street, Whitechapel. During his stay in India he took great interest in the leper hospital. He has been present at the opening of hospitals, bazaars, and clubs for working boys. His work was not great work, but it was good work. It was help given to those who needed help. Nor was it easy work for the Prince; he did not like making speeches.

THE PRINCE'S ENGAGEMENT.

Early in last December was announced the Prince's engagement to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, more generally known—for the purpose of distinction—as Princess May. The announcement was very popular. It has been reported that the engagement had been thought of some time before, but that it had been abandoned for reasons into which it seems to us now to be neither necessary nor decent to inquire. Nor need we deal with the gossip which had previously, at different times, assigned the Prince to Princess Clementine of Belgium and to Princess Alix of Hesse.

It is generally acknowledged that the match was based upon mutual and sincere affection, and this gives perhaps its greatest sadness to the death of the Prince, and may well call forth from us our deepest sympathy. On the very day that the death was announced the Lord Mayor had arranged to meet at the Mansion House the Welsh committee formed to undertake the presentation of a wedding gift to the Prince.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne a congratulatory address upon the marriage was already being engrossed on vellum when the sad news was received. Looms and factories were at work upon textile fabrics, the pattern of which had been specially designed in compliment to Princess May.

A GOOD PRINCE.

He was not a great Prince, but he was a good Prince. In these days of the commonest and dingiest cynicism, it is worth while to refer to the very strong affection which the young Prince felt and frequently expressed for his home and his mother. He was modest and diffident; he always found speech-making a difficulty. He did not encourage presumption or forget his position; but, on the other hand, it was well known that his own tastes were particularly simple and quiet. "I would chuck it all up for five thousand a year," he is reported to have said to a Cambridge undergraduate. He had no great intellectual gifts; he was not a scholar; he was not a conversationalist. But he had a good temper, a kind heart, a ready sympathy. He was a capital shot, and the life of an ordinary country gentleman would have suited him well. He was temperate in all things. The loss of Prince Albert Victor takes from us a good Prince, one for whom a loyal and sympathetic nation may well mourn.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AS AN ANGLER.



LORD ERNEST VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD THE BACCHANTE.



SPICING ROPES ON BOARD THE BACCHANTE.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND HIS BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.
ON THE STEPS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

To those who were in the habit of seeing Cardinal Manning frequently, and of going to seek his advice when anything of moment to themselves or others was in question, his death leaves an indescribable blank and sense of loss. Few were of such good counsel, and still fewer knew how so to present their reasons for giving any special advice with such force and clearness. Of late he was obliged to ask his visitors to sit close to him, for a slight deafness was the only palpable sign of age and infirmity noticeable in his Eminence. With head bent slightly forward, giving his whole thought to the subject under discussion, he would listen attentively to all that was to be said, and then, in a few well-chosen words, would give his opinion.

Often the Cardinal took the opposite view to that which one would have thought almost incumbent upon him. Anent a word said in deprecation of the course pursued by the French Chamber in passing a law requiring compulsory military service from the seminarists, he exclaimed, "I am rejoiced, exceedingly rejoiced, to hear that they have at last passed that most necessary law. It will enable the French Church to sift the wheat from the tares, and put an end to the reproach often flung at us by foreign anti-clericals, that our band of noble curés was mainly composed of men who had entered the seminaries in order to escape the barrack and battle-field," adding, in answer to an observation recalling the strong feeling excited in French Ultramontane circles by this seeming insult wantonly offered to the national religion, "I know that many good people have done all they could to prevent the measure becoming law; but they were mistaken: all will be for the best, and no seminarist worthy of becoming a priest will be injured by military life—nay, it will and must have a good effect on both the students and their comrades."

Those who saw the interior of Archbishop House for the first time were struck with the many views of Rome and Italian pictures. Cardinal Manning had a great love for what always remained to him the Eternal City. His first visit to Italy took place in the May of 1848, three years before his conversion. Pio Nono, then comparatively young himself, received him at the Quirinal, and had a long conversation with the ardent Anglican divine, speaking much of England and things English, mentioning, among others, the splendid work achieved by Mrs. Fry and the Quakers in prison reform. The Sovereign Pontiff observed, at the close of the audience, "Where men do good works, God gives grace. My prayers are offered every day for England." When, some forty years later, the Cardinal Archbishop went to Rome to receive the dying Holy Father's blessing, Pius IX. recurred to that first meeting, and reminded his friend of all that had then been said.

Sometimes of late years the Cardinal would allude to the four peaceful years spent by him in study at the Academia Ecclesiastica, the Pontifical college established to finish the training of men who have taken their degrees elsewhere. In all, he paid twenty-one visits to Rome, finding at both the English and Irish Colleges the warmest of welcomes; and there was nothing he envied his spiritual children so much as a visit to the city of the fountains and of the steps.

Although Cardinal Manning often referred to events of public and private interest which had occurred to him in his past life, he never alluded, either directly or indirectly, to his marriage to Miss Sargent, and the only reference to an event which must surely have had a great effect on the life of the future Archbishop of Westminster is to be found in Bishop Wilberforce's "Life," where, in his diary kept during the month of November 1834, there is a record of his having married a certain H. E. Manning to his sister-in-law, Caroline Sargent, in Lavington Church.

The Cardinal's gift of speech was singularly direct and lucid. His powerful imagination worked on large lines, and indulged in no ornamentation. His speech was comparatively colourless, as in a splendid etching; but he knew how to build up a great picture in words, and the Christendom which he loved to describe was perfect in its proportions, like a vast Bramante. The Church of his vision was exquisitely ordered in every part, built up of living stones set square and true. Passages in his little book on "The Temporal Power of the Holy Ghost" illustrate what I mean. His conception of dogma was that of a simple and progressive science whose

every statement was flawless and the foundation of a loftier pile.

The Cardinal rarely referred to his own spiritual experiences or mental struggles, yet the following incident throws a strange pathetic light on the inner life led by the man most of us have only known honoured exceedingly and as a Prince of the Catholic Church. Some thirty years ago, when the Archbishop, then plain Dr. Manning, was living a quiet and retired life in the religious house which he had founded in Bayswater—he said one day to a lady engaged in a career which brought her much into contact with vast numbers of people on whom she would certainly use influence for

with speed, often by return of post—for unfailing courtesy prompted his smallest actions and made him especially willing to be of service to those who happened to be of no great account in this world.

It is no secret that the appointment of the austere convert, Dr. Manning, to the dignity so admirably filled by the genial, kind-hearted Cardinal Wiseman was a great disappointment to the majority of English-speaking Roman Catholics, yet as time went on, little by little the new Archbishop won all hearts; his simple directness, wide-mindedness, and intense personal sympathy with and understanding of human grief and trouble endeared him to all those who had the



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

good in the event of her becoming Catholic: "When I walked away from Farm Street with Hope-Scott after we had been received, I said to him, 'Now my earthly life is ended; I shall never be able to do any worldly good any more.' He paused, and added simply, 'Where I once worked over a yard, I now work over an acre.'" Yet how hard it must have been to the Archdeacon of Chichester to give up the yard, none can estimate but those who realised his intense, lifelong desire to achieve good for his fellow-men. Although with a personal correspondence which would have necessitated with some men a couple of private secretaries, Cardinal Manning was always ready to render service of a practical description. How many earnest recommendations and useful letters of introduction were penned by his kind hand! He answered letters

privilege of being brought little or much in contact with him.

Although with so many close links to the Italy of the Popes, and attached with close affection not only to the Irish as a race but with all that appertained to Ireland, Cardinal Manning always struck me as being the most English Englishman I ever met. He was proud of his nationality, and a brave deed done by an English man or woman gave him more joy than a similar action performed by, say, an Italian or a Frenchman; and he always liked being associated with any British association or religious movement connected with the English Catholics abroad—many of whom made a point of joining the pilgrimage to Pontigny specially to take part therein under Archbishop Manning's guidance.

M. A. B.

THE REDEMPTION OF GERALD ROSECOURT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

From the Journal of Gerald Rosecourt, Mus. Bac., Organist of St. Andrew's, Burdon, Yorkshire.

CHAPTER III.

There is a short sketch of my previous life. I have got, as it were, outside myself and written of him as if he had been someone else. I have recorded the bare facts without exaggeration or palliation. I want to see just where I stand, and if there is anything that I can do. Since I am so conscious

of my weakness, it seems natural that I should now report and do my utmost to make amends.

Repent! I paused just when I was writing that description of my dead mother, and drank. Presently I shall drink again. Then I shall go to my bed-room and lock the door, and go on drinking until I am senseless. Repentance is too stale a thing for me. One can repeat words until they lose their meaning and become a mere formula. I have repented so often that I laugh at my resolutions even while I make them. I have struggled often; sometimes for months I have kept from drink; it is only quite lately that I seem to have surrendered altogether. I was born into the world with a curse in me that is stronger than myself. It is idle to speak of strength of will. I cannot stop myself—in just the same way

the dead leaf cannot stop the wind from blowing it along. I have to do the thing that I hate. Fear failed to win me back, affection for my father and my sisters failed to win me back, and now self-interest—how that sneer sticks in me!—has failed also. I have been careful enough; a clever doctor could tell something, possibly, from my face, but in the village it is believed that I am a teetotaler. I have twenty ways of getting what I want secretly; yet sooner or later I shall be found out. Pretty Cecily Fane—a child still in many ways—looks upon me almost with reverence now, and believes that I have genius; she will despise me then. They will send me away. Is there nothing—nothing in earth or heaven that can help me?

Has this habit of mine already begun to touch my intellect? I have such strange imaginings. I cannot rid myself of a way of thinking of a figure in a stained window of the church as if that figure were a living woman—a woman whom I loved passionately. It is a representation of St. Cecilia seated at the organ. She is robed in faint purple, and her eyes are down-cast, looking out of a worn spiritual face into my very depths. Every day, as I sit and play in the church, she looks down upon me and pities me. I writhe beneath her pity, and love her for it.

The other night a very curious thing happened. I had gone in the evening to practise. There was no one in the church but myself and the organ-blower—a villager, partly imbecile, who can do no other work. As I played I watched the face of St. Cecilia, and seemed to draw from her an inspiration of beauty that breathed itself out in music. The evening drew on, and in the faint candle-light I could no longer see my saint; I had just finished playing that toccata and fugue in D minor, and I paused a moment, turning the leaves on the desk before me. In the recess behind the instrument I could just hear my organ-blower muttering and chuckling under his breath. It is rather an uncanny habit that the poor man has.

And then quite suddenly, up above me in the St. Cecilia window, I heard the sound of a woman crying. It was a low, monotonous wail, that rose and fell. It grew into shape and became music. "Lost! For ever lost!"—thus the motive seemed to be moaning. Then there was a pause, and the music began once more; but it had changed. It spoke to me; it questioned me; it moved me and thrilled me until I felt that I must answer. As its last notes died away, the idea came to me and I began to play; it was an improvisation. I wish now that I could remember it; for it was good, and it would be worth while to work it out; but it has completely gone from me. I was filled with a wonderful rapture; I seemed through music to be holding converse with my saint. I do not know how long I played, but it must have been for a long time. A moment after I had finished, as I still sat there trembling, the white face of the idiot organ-blower, Johnson, startled me by peering round the side of the organ.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "if you're tired." There are two handles, and it is fairly hard work for one man; besides, poor Johnson is not strong.

"No, I'm not tired," he said in a scared voice, "but there are things going on—perhaps you noticed—that aren't right. This is a sacred, holy church." He dropped his voice, and almost whimpered. "I understand things," he said, "that some of your geniuses never sees. Let's come away. It ain't been music—it's been talking and talking. For God's sake come away, before I'm scared to death!" I almost asked him for an explanation, but I thought better of it. "You're foolish to-night, Johnson," I said; "but we'll go."

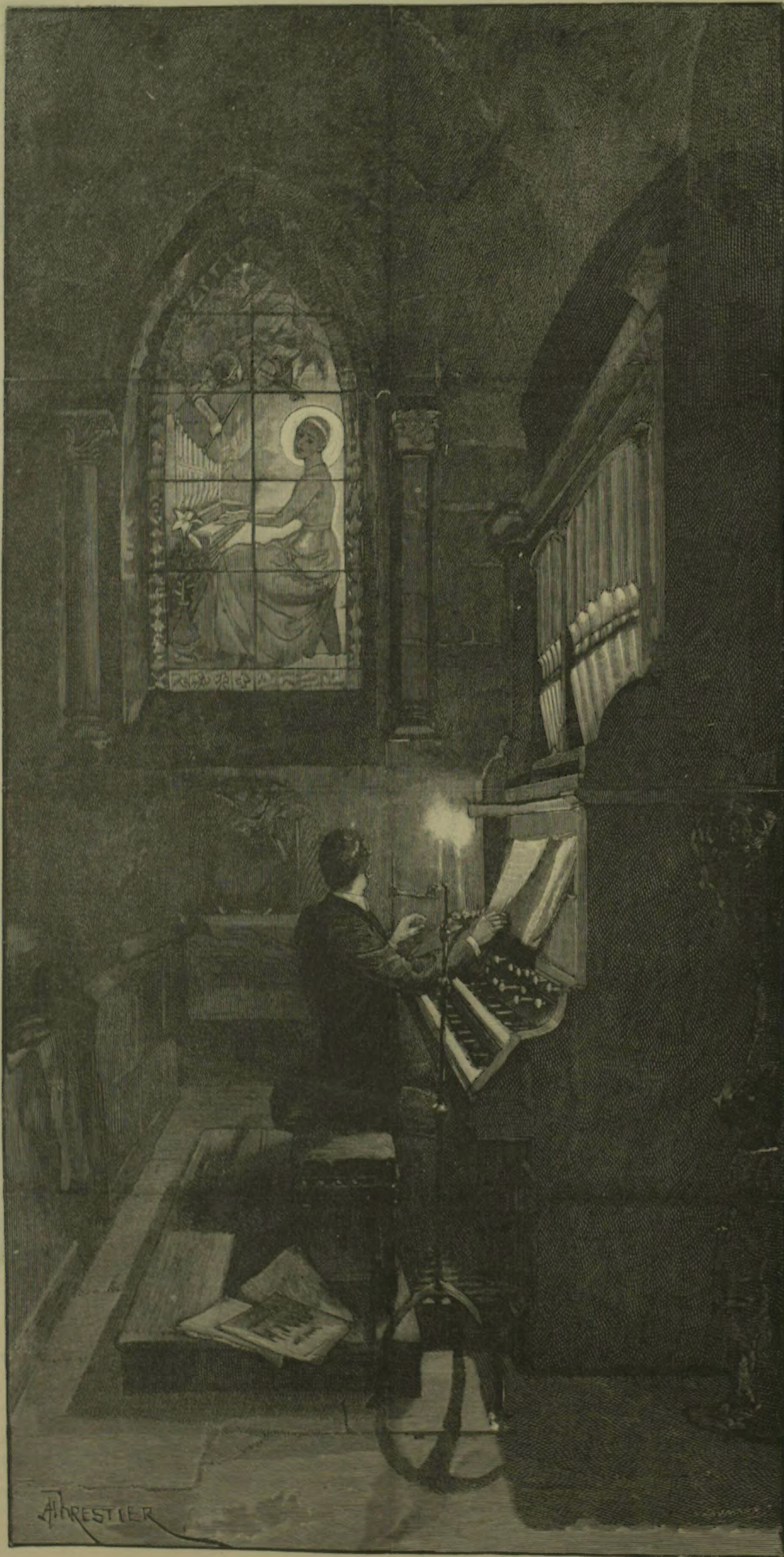
As I think the thing over, it seems absolutely impossible for me to consider it a delusion. I heard that other organ playing, as clearly and distinctly as I have ever heard music. When I remember what the imbecile Johnson said, I am almost inclined to think that he also heard it. It made a deep impression upon me; during the rest of that night and the following day I thought constantly of my saint. So strong, indeed, was the impression, that while it lasted it overpowered all else. Even the craving for drink entirely left me. And yet it *must* have been a delusion. That is what frightens me so terribly: I do not know of what this may not be the beginning. I do not think I shall ever dare to play the organ alone at night again; I do not know what might not happen next time. I might see something terrible, that would frighten me over the border-line, and leave me—like Johnson, perhaps.

I suppose I am a coward; but I do not care. I am everything that is hateful, and I cannot help it. I was sent into the world at no wish of mine; and my hideous nature was no part of my choice. Only it is hard to be so bad and yet to long so passionately to be good. I can see, far away as it were, a bright ideal that is good and happy. Through all my bestial life I have worshipped goodness. It is that which makes the torture so terrible.

No, I have written down my record, and I see that I can do nothing. I can only wait until the end comes. And, if I can still pray for anything, I pray that the end may come soon—soon! For this is more than I can bear.

July 1.—Free! I who but a few days ago was chained to a habit that was killing me—who had no hope but that the end might come soon—am completely free. I no longer struggle, because the temptation has gone, utterly vanished. The most difficult thing for me to understand now is how it ever existed. At this present moment I have brandy by my side. I unlocked a cupboard, and took it out to look at it; I poured some into a glass, and smelt it, and put it to my lips. The smell and taste were positively nauseous to me. It is almost worth while to have been so chained and degraded to feel the joy and exaltation that I feel now. Who or what is it that has redeemed me from bondage?

Perhaps I should say that it is a delusion. I prefer to say that it is St. Cecilia. Fear, affection, self-interest—all were real, and all failed to redeem me. How can I say that my sweet saint, whom I have seen, with whom I have spoken, is a delusion! The work which she has done is real and grand—it is the redemption of a lost soul! She also must be real, at



And then quite suddenly, up above me in the St. Cecilia window, I heard the sound of a woman crying.

least to me. Let me set down the whole story, exactly as it happened.

On the night when I made the last entry in this diary I was very depressed; it was in more ways than one a very bad night with me. On the afternoon of the following day I had to give an organ lesson to the vicar's daughter, Cecily Fane, at the church. I went, of course, but I felt ill and wretched. I think Cecily Fane has a great admiration for my music, and that makes her take more or less interest in me. After the lesson had commenced and Mrs. Fane had left us alone at the organ, Cecily Fane suddenly stopped playing, and turned to me—

"You have a headache, haven't you? Let me take my lesson to-morrow. I don't like to think that I'm—I mean that it must hurt you to hear me playing badly when you have a headache."

I thanked her, and disclaimed the headache. "You are really playing rather well to-day, Miss Fane," I added. "I do not think I ever had a pupil who improved so rapidly."

"Do you really mean that?" she said. She was obviously pleased. "You do not very often praise me, and I do take a great deal of trouble for you."

That was perfectly true and a little surprising. For Cecily Fane's reputation, I found when I first came here, was that she never took any trouble about anything. The lesson went on quietly until the end of the hour. I felt ashamed that this child should admire me or show me any sympathy. Sooner or later—so I thought then—she would find me out and despise me. At the close of the lesson she told me that she was afraid she would not get so much time for practising in July. "We have visitors coming," she said, "a young Dr. Remyer and his sister. They are connections of mamma's." I told her that a boy of that name was at school with me, and I soon found out that this was the same Remyer. I was rather struck by Cecily Fane's tone as she spoke about him, and as we left the organ I asked her, point blank, whether she liked him. "I like his sister fairly well, though she is rather insipid," she said. She took a step or two down the aisle, and then added, "I hate Dr. Remyer." Now, I wonder why that is. As we left the church, Cecily Fane looked back towards the window of my St. Cecilia. "I wish," she said, and paused.

"Well?" I asked.

"I wish I were just like my namesake."

"Why?"

"I—I don't know." She blushed, and seemed rather embarrassed. They are not much alike, certainly. St. Cecilia is beautiful as the angels are beautiful; her face is pale and worn; her hair is dark. Cecily has fair hair, a childish face, and big—rather pathetic—blue eyes. I wonder why she wished she was like St. Cecilia. I had some notion then, and it has occurred to me again since, that everything is not quite right with Cecily.

However, the main point in that conversation with Cecily, as far as I am concerned, was her mention of Remyer. It reminded me of my school-days. It reminded me of that day when Remyer and I travelled home together, when for the first time I tasted an intoxicant. I had written it all down in my journal. On my return home I began to read what I had written.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The death of Cardinal Manning may possibly lead to the republication of his sermons. They are the sermons of Archdeacon Manning, for after his passing over to the Church of Rome Manning ceased to be a great preacher. Unlike Newman, he strictly forbade the republication of his Protestant writings, and in consequence the four volumes of his discourses have for long been scarce and high-priced. They abundantly confirm Newman's estimate (by no means a prejudiced one) of Manning as the greatest preacher of the Church of England, and are remarkable for their depth of feeling and richness of expression.

When Manning resigned his archdeaconry he was over forty, and in the very prime of his powers. But he made no difficulty about taking the lowest room in his adopted communion. He spent four years in Rome, engaged in the studies that usually precede ordination. The result was that he obtained a far more thorough comprehension than Newman ever possessed of the true genius and practical working of his Church. The effect upon himself was very decided. He ceased to care for literary art as such; he did not covet a place among the doctors of the Church; his style deteriorated, and is seen at its best only in one volume, "The Eternal Priesthood," a kind of manual for those contemplating the sacred office. Clear, authoritative, dignified, he never ceased to be, and he always had a crowd of hearers before him. But the thing that drew them was not what he said, but what he was—in his position, in his history, in himself.

His brother-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce, who was as much a votary of ambition as anyone in this generation, did not hesitate to describe his conversion to Rome as the result of disappointment. At forty-one, he was only Archdeacon of Chichester, and it was not clear that he had any prospect of preferment. It was thought at one time by many that he might have been Pope, but obvious difficulties stood in the way. Between Newman and Manning the relations were for long strained, but when Newman died Manning paid one of the most graceful tributes rendered to his memory. At the same time he is known to have expressed warm approbation of Mr. Arthur W. Hulton's not too flattering articles on Newman in the *Expositor*.

Mr. Hulton's "Life of Manning" will now be looked for with special interest. It is understood that he received much information from the Cardinal, on the condition that none of it should be published in his (Manning's) life-time.

Lord Granville, in the touching letter in which he describes Bishop Wilberforce's last fatal ride on the Surrey sward, mentions that the main subject of his conversation was Manning.

Professor Drummond has been giving his idea of the true Church. "Creeds and sacraments," he says, "cannot make a Church. Wherever there are men whose sympathies, thoughts, and hopes are sustained, widened, and ennobled by intercourse with Christ—there is the Church." V.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. C. P. (Bilbao).—Yes, if you have not already received our letter.
SORRENTO (Dawlish).—Your appreciation of No. 2492 is well deserved, and we agree in thinking a full solution alone discovers all the merits of the problem.
ALPHA.—We are obliged to consider the interest of our correspondents. Four-movers are almost prohibitory, save for a few experts like yourself.
DE H. N. (Cheltenham).—Many thanks. It shall have our careful attention.
MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—The further contribution will suit us very well.
W. HITEMAN (Pontypridd).—We are glad to hear from you again, and your problem shall be reported upon shortly.
R. J. M. (City).—Thanks for scores.

L. DESANGES.—The two-mover is marked for early insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2484 received from W. F. Slipper (Madras); of No. 2486 from E. G. Boys, J. W. Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and Rev. W. L. Tucker; of No. 2490 from Dr. F. St. J. P. Moon, E. G. Boys, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 2491 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Captain J. A. Challice, E. G. Boys, B. D. Knox, R. Worters (Canterbury), Rev. J. Gaskin, Boulogne-sur-Mer, John M. Moorat (Dedham), A. Gwinner, J. W. Blagg (Cheshire), E. E. H., and A. F. Hampden.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2492 received from R. Worters (Canterbury), N. Harris, B. D. Knox, R. H. Brooks, Binet, T. G. (Ware), Columbus, M. Burke, E. London, D. McCoy (Galway), H. S. Brandreth, Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Roberts, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), G. Joicey, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. F. Payne, A. Newman, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Coad, W. R. Ralston, Dr. F. St. J. P. Moon, Sorrento (Dawlish), Fr. Fernando (Dublin), Alpha, W. Wright, and F. Atwood.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS IN NUMBER FOR DEC. 28.—No. 1. R to R sq; No. 2. Q to K Kt sq; No. 3. Kt to R 7th; No. 4. Q to Kt 5th.

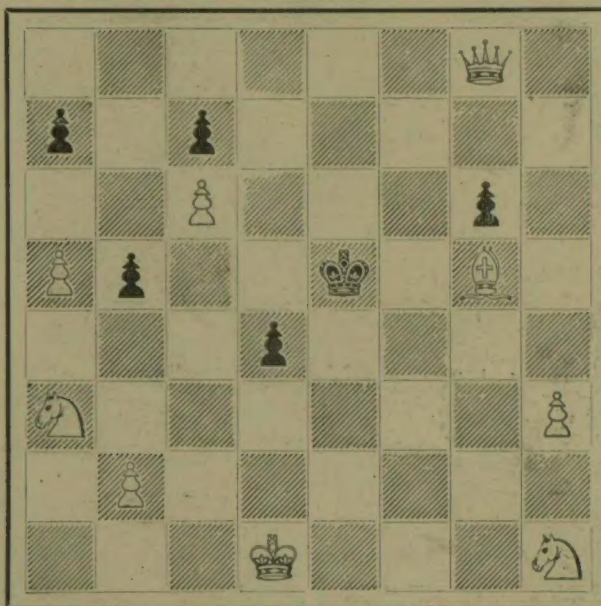
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2490.—By E. B. SCHWANN.

WHITE.
1. Q to K sq
2. Q to K B 2nd (ch)
3. Kt to K B 6th. Mate.
If Black play 1. K to K 5th; 2. P to K 3rd; and if 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. P to K 4th, K moves; 3. Q to Q 2nd. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2494.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an Amateur, Black giving the odds of Pawn and two moves.

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q 4th P to Q B 4th
A tricky way of playing this very difficult defence. P to Q 3rd, or Kt to B 3rd may be considered best.
3. Q to R 5th (ch)
Not so good as P takes P.
4. Q takes Q B P Kt to Q B 3rd
5. Q to B 4th
Black threatens P to K 4th with a strong game.
6. P to Q B 3rd B to Kt 2nd
7. P to K 5th P to K 3rd
8. P takes P Q takes P
9. P to K B 4th Kt to B 3rd
10. Kt to K B 3rd Castles
11. B to Q 3rd Kt to Q 4th
12. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q R 3rd
13. Castles B to Q 2nd
14. B to K 4th Q R to Q B sq
15. Q to Q 3rd Kt to R 4th
16. P to Q Kt 3rd K R to Q sq
17. B to R 3rd Q to B 2nd
18. P to Q B 4th Kt to K B 3rd
19. Kt to K 5th B to K sq
Black can only wait for an opening, and must in the meantime avoid exchanges, unless they are acceptable.
20. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q Kt 4th

WHITE (Amateur). BLACK (Mr. T.)
21. P to Q B 5th Kt takes B
22. Q takes Kt B to Q B 3rd
23. Q to K 3rd B to Q R sq
24. Q R to Q sq
To protect the weak Q P more fully, and quite unconscious of Black's subtle idea, as disclosed in his next move.
25. B takes P P to Q Kt 5th
26. Kt to K B 3rd Q to Kt 2nd
27. Q takes P (ch) Q takes B
28. Kt to Q 5th K to R sq
Well played. White has still a good game, and Black cannot take either Kt with advantage.
29. R to Q 3rd Q to Kt 2nd
30. P to Q 5th R to K 2nd
31. Q to Kt 5th Q takes Q
32. P takes Q B takes Kt
33. P takes B R takes K P
34. P to Q 6th R to K 3rd
35. R to B 7th Kt to Kt 2nd
36. Q R to K B 3rd K to Kt sq
37. Kt to Q 5th
And here White, after playing a careful game, comes to grief.
38. Kt to B 7th Kt takes P
39. Kt takes R B takes R
40. Kt takes R Kt takes Kt
Black wins.

CHESS IN SUNDERLAND.

One of thirteen simultaneous games played by Mr. G. C. HEYWOOD, at the Sunderland Chess Club, on Nov. 24, 1891.

(Fianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Heywood). BLACK (Mr. Blackman).
1. P to K 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th B to Kt 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd P to K 3rd
4. B to Q 3rd P to K R 3rd
5. K Kt to K 2nd K Kt to B 3rd
6. P to K B 3rd B to K 2nd
7. B to K 3rd Castles
8. Q to Q 2nd Kt to R 2nd
9. Castles (Q R)
The Queen's Fianchetto is not a pleasant defence to encounter in simultaneous play, but White has developed steadily, and has now compact position, available for attack at the first opportunity.
10. P to K B 4th B to Kt 4th
11. P to K Kt 4th B to K 2nd
12. Q R to Kt sq Q B to R 3rd
13. Q takes B B takes B
14. P to K R 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
Tempting Black to capture the R P, whereupon would follow 15. P to Kt 5th, P takes P; 16. P takes P, B takes P; 17. B takes B, K takes B; 18. P to Kt 5th, B takes P.
15. P to Kt 5th P to K B 3rd
16. P takes P B takes P
17. P to K 5th R to B 4th
Black plays the best defence, and the game is very interesting from this point.
18. Kt to Kt 3rd P takes P
19. Kt takes R P takes Kt
20. Q takes P Kt to Kt 4th
21. Kt to K 4th
B takes P was sufficient to win, but the text move is prettier and more decisive.
22. P takes B
If Kt takes Kt, White mates in three moves by 22. R takes P (ch), K takes R; 23. R to R 7th (ch), &c.
23. R takes Kt Kt takes Q P
B takes R was equally unsatisfactory, for, after 23. K takes B, mate or the loss of the Queen was forced.
24. R to R 7th (ch) K takes R
25. Q to B 7th (mate)

A return match between Brighton and Hastings, played at the latter place, resulted in another victory for the local team by 5½ games to 1½. This is the ninth contest in succession that the Hastings Club has won against different competitors, a series of triumphs not often recorded.

The Metropolitan and Cypress Chess Clubs played a match at the Bay Tree Tavern on Jan. 11, when the latter proved successful after a stiff struggle by 5½ games to 4½. At the same place, three days previously, the Metropolitan second team defeated Shorehitch by 6½ to 3½.

FERDINAND LASSALLE'S DIARY.

BY NINA KENNARD.

The Journal of Ferdinand Lassalle*, recently published in Germany, is interesting, both as offering a vivid picture of the existence led by the oppressed and suffering people to whose ranks he belonged during the first half of this century, and also as giving a faithful transcript of the feelings, ideas, sorrows, and joys of an intellect, while forming and maturing, that was destined to exercise a preponderating influence, not only on contemporary but on future history and philosophy.

His father was a silk merchant in the town of Breslau, and there Ferdinand was born on April 11, 1825. From the very outset his life seemed destined to run its course amidst din, turmoil, and unrest. His father, though a just and upright man, respected by children and wife, was irritable, tyrannical, and close in money matters, his mother nagging, capricious, and jealous. The two children, Frederika and Ferdinand, inherited a goodly allowance of their unrestrained tongues and quarrelsome tempers. The domestic atmosphere was never free from clouds of dissension, bickering, and contention until Frederika's engagement to her cousin Friedländer was definitely decided on, and Ferdinand had betaken himself to the wider horizons and more bracing air of the Leipsic Commercial College.

"These pages," he wrote when opening his Journal on Jan. 1, 1840, "are destined to record all my actions, good or bad, and, as far as possible, the motives that impelled me to commit them. Every man ought to learn to know his own character and judge it impartially. If I have been guilty of an unrighteous deed, what a valuable discipline to record it here with mortification and regret, and what a still more valuable discipline to reawaken that mortification and regret by the reperusal of the record in years to come!"

Although less interesting, from an intellectual point of view, than the period spent at Leipsic, the account given in these pages of his school career at Breslau is worthy of study, as so completely revealing his disposition and character before expediency and culture taught him, in some measure, to restrain them. His inordinate love of gambling, leading to sordid and unworthy methods of raising money, his frequent disobedience to his father's expressed injunctions not to frequent the inns and billiard-rooms of the town, his vanity, laziness, and insubordination are all set forth with uncompromising frankness.

The restless energy that distinguished him later in life seemed in his boyhood to have been devoted to evading his school tasks and escaping just retribution for so doing. The ingenuity he displayed in writing letters purporting to come from his father asking for holidays, and the audacity in signing his father's and mother's names on his school reports, were remarkable.

Yet how deeply, with tears and tremors, did he regret these lapses from the path of honour! How passionately he prayed to be kept from repeating the offence, and yet how often he again and again transgressed!

So far as his schoolmasters were concerned, he justified his conduct by declaring that they persistently and wantonly treated him with injustice and harshness; but the deception practised on his father—that father, who, in spite of his severity, he deeply loved—bowed him to the earth with penitence and remorse.

Contrary to the statements made by his biographers hitherto, we see by the Diary that it was Lassalle's own wish to fit himself for a commercial career by going to Leipsic: "I am reading 'Wilhelm Meister,'" he wrote. "Three months ago, like him, I stood at the parting of the ways. His relations urged him to a commercial career, mine did all they could to dissuade me from entering on it. I felt, however, impelled to free myself from the web of deceit I had woven round me. The only way to do so was to leave Breslau and come here, but now I am convinced it will not do. My inclinations lie rather with Hellas and the East than with indigo and silk, with Thalia and the Muses than with warehouses and clerks, with Liberty and her priesthood than with profit-and-loss accounts. I feel I must go to Paris, the capital of the world, and there sharpen my weapons to fight the aristocrats and humble our oppressors. I am determined one day to shake the rock on which they think themselves so secure, and make their teeth chatter with fear!"

During his residence at Leipsic we find the same insubordination and contempt of all authority as at Breslau. He quarrelled with schoolmasters, house-tutors, schoolfellows, as he quarrelled before with father, mother, and sister.

He learned to fence, and fought a duel. With all the eloquence of his Semitic ancestors he called down the wrath of Heaven on his enemies and punishment on himself if he did not extort the utmost penalty that revenge could dictate. Amid all this wasteful and undignified mode of thought, however, we see the dawning of better and worthier things. He formed one of his passionate friendships for Wolfsohn, a well-known Jew patriot and poet.

He studied history with enthusiasm, read Goethe, Voltaire, Luther, and Heine; his aims became more earnest, his aspirations higher. Then it was that his true vocation shaped itself before him. When his father came to Leipsic, at the end of the first year, he informed him that he had determined to devote himself to political life. "A new era was dawning, I told him; the reign of superstition was past. We must no longer foster the hatred of the poor for the rich, but must seek to dissipate the clouds of prejudice that still hover over humanity, not by brutal physical force, but by illumining and educating those that are neglected and ignorant."

The old Jew shopkeeper tried to dissuade his son from sacrificing his career to problematical dreams for the regeneration of society.

"Father," he answered, with words that have almost a prophetic ring, "I feel that I am consecrated and chosen to lead men towards that new Utopia where a solution of so many of the difficulties that beset us will be found. I may not succeed in reaching it during my lifetime, but once the ship has been launched it will sail on until it casts anchor on those unexplored and distant shores."

In the last speech Lassalle ever made there is almost a re-echo of these words: "Ah, my lords," he said, addressing the judges who had just condemned him to imprisonment for fomenting sedition, "years after I have passed away from this mortal scene, the system of philosophy and government that I have promulgated will be understood and appreciated. Posterity will then ask forgiveness of my memory for the insult done by the decision of my fellow-countrymen to-day."

* Ferdinand Lassalle's Tagebuch, herausgegeben und mit einer Einleitung versehen von Paul Lindau. (Schlesische Buchdruckerei: Breslau.)



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